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PENTHOUSE

LETTERS

HITTING THE JACKPOT

HOT HOOKUPS &
SECOND CHANCES

OPEN SEASON

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LOVING**

WILD WIFE
TAKES A BREAK—
FROM MATRIMONY

THREE-FOR-ALL

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REQUEST**

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DEVELOPS INTO
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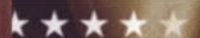
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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.

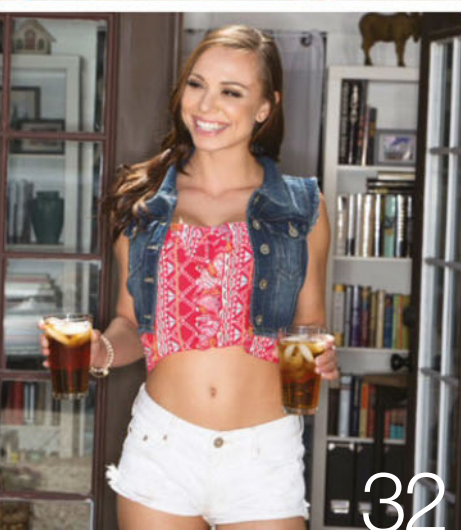


After sipping some champagne, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.



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PENTHOUSE LETTERS



PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS
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LETTERS

▾ SALUTATIONS



Penthouse Letters kicks off a naughty new year with a sexy selection of stories to warm up your winter. Suck a What? will whet your appetite with a collection of tasty tales, and there's plenty more for you to savor.

This month's cover promises hot hookups and second chances, and the lusty letters in Serendipity deliver with exciting new dalliances and long-time crushes turned carnal connections. Spotlight on True Confessions also shows how old friends are sometimes the best lovers, when a lust-starved lady ends her dry spell through the generosity of her former flames. But brand-new couples also forge red-hot connections. In this issue's Erotica selection, a couple delves into unfamiliar waters when a swap goes differently from what they'd expected in Salima Gaber's "Rock, Paper, Scissoring." And more continues to be merrier in the always rollicking Three-for-All section, which features plenty of girl-on-girl action.

No matter the time of the year, Letters readers solemnly swear they're up to no good—in the best possible way. But check out page 108 for our fans' Top 10 Raunchy Resolutions, come up with a few of your own, and dare to make them come true.

—The Editors

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LETTERS

▷ SUCK A WHAT?

■ DICK-TATION

After years of working under a nightmarish and nasty old man, the office gods finally rewarded me with a promotion and a new boss, Jake. His smile immediately put me at ease—and turned me on. I swear I tried to remind myself that it's never smart to spend the day fantasizing about your boss! That said, you can't dangle a hot piece of man candy before my eyes day after day and expect me not to notice. I thought he'd been checking me out, too, and recently our relationship completely changed for the better.

After a very busy morning I ordered Jake's lunch, then went to his office to plan the rest of our day. He motioned for me to stand beside him to look at something on the computer screen. As I reached to grab a pen to make a note, my elbow connected with an open soda can, sending the contents directly onto the crotch of Jake's pants. Shocked and mortified, my first instinct was to sink to my knees and blot at the damp material, muttering apologies for my clumsiness.

I frantically wiped at the fabric, my hands rubbing along his zipper where most of the soda had landed. Jake grunted, his hips shifting in the chair. He cleared his throat and caught my wrist in his hand. "Please," he said, gently placing my hand on the chair's armrest as he stood.

My body hadn't quite caught up with my brain, and my knees remained planted to the floor. Now I was eye level with Jake's crotch and his tented suit pants were pointing right at me.

I licked my lips, my mind racing as I considered the scene before me. I'd fantasized about a moment like this a thousand times since Jake became my boss. The opportunity was there; I just had to take it.

Finding my voice, I whispered, "I'm your assistant. Let me assist you."

I found my footing and stood before him. I fumbled with the button on his waistband, my fingers trembling as I tugged open his zipper. The pants fell to the floor, revealing black boxer briefs that strained to contain what appeared to be a massive erection. I pulled at his underwear, biting my lip as Jake's thick cock came into view. Getting myself comfortable, I sat in his chair, then leaned forward and flicked out my tongue to take a taste of him.

A hiss from Jake told me he liked where this was going, so I continued to lick the base of his shaft before sliding

**"I TOOK ALL HE
HAD TO GIVE,
RELISHING EVERY
BURST OF CREAM
AND EVERY
EXCLAMATION."**

to the crown. My tongue traveled along the sensitive underside of his dick, and I lapped up and down his length until he groaned loudly. I was rewarded with a shiny bead of pre-come that appeared at his cockhead. I scooped it up, savoring his salty taste.

I wrapped my fingers around him at his root, marveling at how his girth made it impossible to close my hand completely. His skin was silky-soft against my palm, and I loved the way his breath hitched with every stroke I delivered.

Clutching him snugly, I spiraled my fist up and down his shaft. My eyes stayed trained on his, determined to take in every reaction, no matter how slight. I wanted to pull every last drop of pleasure from him, but stroking his cock wasn't enough.

Not for me. I needed more. I wanted to feel his shaft sliding along my tongue—to taste every element of his arousal.

I planted a soft kiss on the tip of his dick before opening my mouth and welcoming him inside. My jaw relaxed as I eased him down my throat.

Jake's hand cradled the back of my head as I found a rhythm he liked. I could tell he was aching to take over, to drive hard and deep until he fell over the edge. I wasn't going to let that happen. After months of longing, I wanted to savor him.

I pulled back and took a shaky breath before running my tongue along his length once again. I kept licking and sucking, treating his dick like a decadent ice pop that satisfied my most sinful cravings. He gasped and thrust forward, his fingers threading into my hair as he quickly lost control.

I reached beneath him, cupping his balls as I stroked my thumb over the sensitive skin of his sac. I swallowed his shaft as deeply as I could. Jake thrust hard again, his fingers digging into my scalp as he shot his hot come across my tongue. I took all he had to give, relishing every burst of cream and every exclamation of bliss.

Stroking Jake's thighs, I slowly slid his dick from my mouth. I took a couple of breaths, trying to regain my composure. I was desperate for my own release. My cunt throbbed as I struggled to stand.

Jake reached out to help me, and I took his hand in mine. After pulling me up, he immediately set to work on the buttons of my shirt. He quickly revealed my breasts, which were barely contained by a silky, cream-colored bra.

I held his head close to my chest as Jake nibbled and kissed his way along the delicate lace trim of my lingerie. Heat spread across my torso as his hands caressed the waistband of my skirt, tugging my shirt free and tossing it over his shoulder.

When he realized that my nipples were visible through the filmy material, his



mouth closed around one. His tongue swirled around the stiff bud before taking a little bite and making me squeal. He was toying with me, and I couldn't take it anymore. I gripped at his shirt, pulling him closer to me as I desperately rubbed my pussy against his leg. He lifted me, placing my ass on the desk and easing me onto my back.

Jake pushed apart my thighs, sending fiery sensations straight to my core. His large hands slid up my legs, raising the hem of my skirt. I wiggled my ass against the cool surface of the desk, desperately trying to force the garment higher.

Jake laughed, sending a burst of hot air across my chest. "The more you move, the longer I'll take." He reached around my back to unclasp my bra and free my breasts. After dropping my bra on the floor he took an infuriating step back, grinning as he took in the sight of me spread out before him.

Two could play at this game. I met Jake's stare and popped my finger into my mouth, sucking hard. His breath came out in a rough hiss. Emboldened by his arousal, I slid my finger inside my thong to massage my clit.

Jake reached out and took the offending hand in his. "That's my job."

I smiled. "Well, my job is to assist you, and that's what I'm doing."

He reached across me and grabbed something from the pencil jar, and then I heard two quick snips. As I felt the strings of my thong give way, I realized that he'd snagged a pair of scissors and cut me out of my underwear.

"I am going to have a really hard time getting work done today, knowing you're sitting outside my office with no panties."

I gasped, desperate for his touch.

His mouth finally claimed me, his tongue swirling along the seam of my sex. The warm, wet heat he inspired had

my back arching off the desk. His tongue trailed a path from my ass to my clit. Up and down, up and down. I shuddered as my body strained to absorb every sensation.

When his lips locked over my clit, I moaned. I rocked my hips against his mouth, craving more delicious friction. His tongue performed an erotic dance across my sensitive bud, making it impossible to think, let alone speak. Every extremity pulsed with electricity. Every flick of his tongue felt like it would be my ruin.

Pleasure mingled deliciously with the painful urgency of my arousal. Even my wildest fantasies didn't do Jake justice. I didn't know how much more I could take. And then he added his fingers to the mix.

My hips bucked upward as a finger slipped between my wet folds, plunging deep inside me. His digit crooked upward, stroking me into a frenzy. I was

LETTERS

▷ SUCK A WHAT?

breathless as he massaged that special spot that's eluded so many other men in the past.

Heat spread across my body, and my pussy twitched. A groan slipped past my parted lips, and I clasped my hand over my mouth to contain the sound. My other hand slid to my breast, giving the nipple a squeeze before rolling it between my thumb and forefinger. A jolt of ecstasy shot straight to my pussy. I bit back another moan and rolled my hips harder against Jake's fingers.

Light little tickles danced across my stomach, and my eyes fluttered open. A devilish grin spread across Jake's face. He puffed a breath against my pussy. The sudden coolness made my body shudder and intensified the aching need inside me that wouldn't quit. He winked, throwing my legs over his shoulders before his head disappeared between my thighs.

My clit pulsed as his tongue swirled over it, sending my body into a state of sheer bliss. My fingers flexed, searching for something to hold on to as every nerve in my body sizzled, sending sparks

of electricity straight to my core.

Another moan ripped through me. Fireworks exploded before my eyes as an insistent pressure built below. All of my muscles tensed. I slid both hands to my breasts, holding them as though they were a life raft while a storm brewed within me.

Jake pulled my clit between his lips. He hummed against the swollen button, pushing me to the edge. My orgasm rushed over me like a tidal wave. Satisfaction came in quick bursts, each more powerful than the last. Every time I thought I would fall back to earth, another explosion tore through me. Never before had I experienced such intense pleasure.

As I recovered my body continued to quake. Jake pressed a kiss to the inside of my thigh before gently tugging my skirt back into place. He pulled me into his arms, folding me into an intimate embrace and planting a kiss on my forehead.

"I've wanted to do that for months," he whispered against my hair.

The admission surprised me, and I had

to smile. "I wish I'd known that sooner," I said. "I've wasted a lot of days wondering if you were attracted to me, when we could have been fucking instead."

"Come home with me tonight, and I'll make it up to you," he promised.

And he did. Over and over again.

-L.F., via email

■ LOLLY JOLLIES

A grown woman licking a lollipop gets me every time. I love to see a hard sucker disappear between cherry-glossed lips. So when our anniversary rolled around, I presented my girlfriend with a bouquet of multicolored lollies wrapped in a scarlet satin ribbon.

"A change from chocolate," Sonia said happily, and she unwrapped one immediately and began sucking for her pleasure—and my own.

I felt a pulse in my pussy that grew stronger by the minute.

"You're all flushed, Toni," she said next. "What's going on?"

"I like the way you look when you do that," I told her.

Sonia's nobody's fool. She caught on immediately, and she sucked the lollipop so hard her cheeks indented. I felt lightheaded for a moment, and my breath started to speed up. She removed the lolly and I kissed her lips, reveling in the pure sticky sweetness.

"You want me to suck something else, don't you?"

I had to admit she was right. Sonia didn't rush. She sucked the lollipop until it was gone, savoring every second, and then she went for my pants. She unbuttoned the fly and opened my jeans to reveal that I was packing. While I stroked her cinnamon curls, she began to bob her mouth up and down on my synthetic dick. I swear I could feel her sucking me all the way to my core.

"You could make me come if you keep



doing that," I warned her in a shaky voice.

"Then I'll keep doing that," she said, shooting me a sticky smile and then returning to her work.

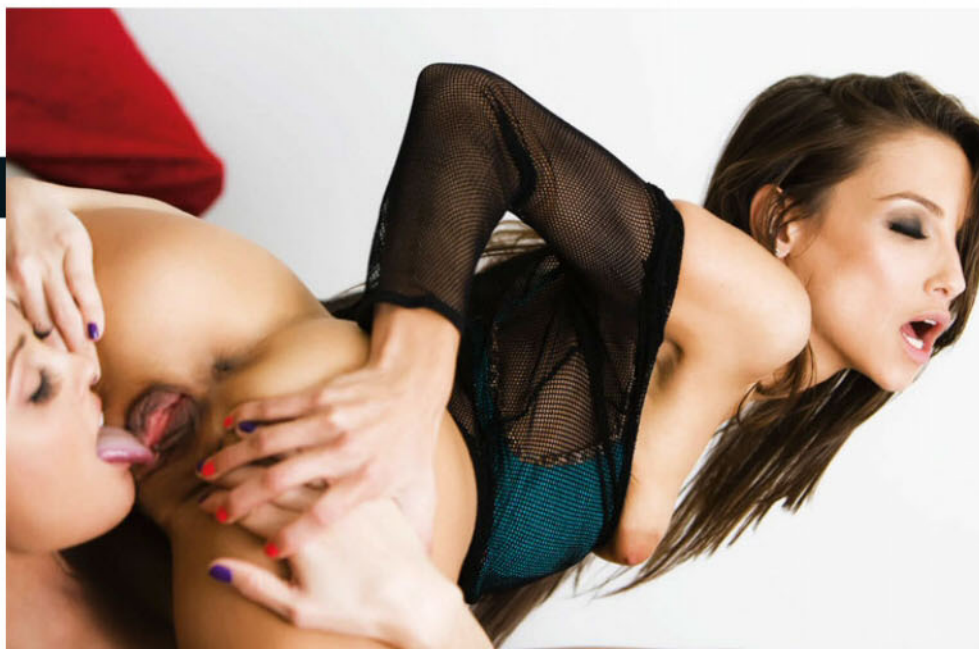
I lay back against the sofa. Sonia bobbed faster and faster. Each time she went down on me, the base of the toy pressed against my clit in the perfect way. In seconds, I was climaxing. If it had been a real cock, I would have filled her mouth with my seed. As it was, I tugged on her hair and cried out her name, and then she sat back looking smug and pleased with herself, like the cat who'd swallowed the proverbial canary.

I took a moment to wash the sugarcoated toy while Sonia stripped. When I came back into the room, she was naked and bent over the sofa. I didn't fuck her right away, although I could tell from her position that was exactly what she wanted. First, I returned the favor. On my knees, I started to lick her split from behind, working to caress her clit with my tongue, and then moving to rim her asshole. Sonia squealed when she felt my tongue tickle her backdoor, and then she relaxed and held her cheeks open at my instruction.

While I rimmed her, I kept the image in my mind of her sucking that lollipop. She had looked so sexy with the candy in her mouth, but she'd looked even sexier with my dick between her lips. I stood and gripped her by the hips, and then I pressed the head of my cock to her pussy. She spread her legs even wider, and I pushed in deep from the first thrust. Sonia slammed her hips back to meet me, and we created a passionate rhythm that worked for both of us.

When she came, she bucked so ferociously the sofa moved forward on the wooden floor. When I reached my peak, I practically collapsed on top of her, completely spent by the power of my orgasm.

We parted, and Sonia reached for another lollipop. "Worked up an appetite," she said to me with a wink. Naughty girl.



"I STARTED TO LICK HER SPLIT FROM BEHIND, WORKING HER CLIT WITH MY TONGUE."

She knew exactly what that was going to do to me. As I watched her sucking that lollipop, I felt myself getting wetter and wetter with every flick of her pink tongue.

Sonia worked that lollipop like it was a dick. I could tell she was enjoying herself. She likes driving me crazy with lust. When she finished the confection, I fetched the lube. I had Sonia get on all fours on the rug. Then I parted her ass cheeks and oiled up her rear hole.

Before I speared her, I made her ask for what I was going to do next. Nothing works me over quite like hearing Sonia beg for anal.

I pressed the head of the dick to her hole, and I waited.

"Fuck me, Toni," she said, but her voice was so low, I could barely hear the words.

"What was that?" I reached forward and grabbed a handful of her glossy curls. She whinnied and tossed her head,

but I didn't release her. "What did you say?" I teased. I let her feel the pressure of the toy against her tight hole, but I refused to open her up.

"Fuck my ass, Toni. Put your dick inside me."

I could feel how wet her words were making me. I thought of taunting her further, of keeping her teetering on the brink, but that would have meant withholding my pleasure, too. So I gave in for the both of us. I put the head of my cock exactly on her bull's-eye and instructed her to tell me when she was ready. She immediately put one hand between her legs and began to play with herself. I've watched her masturbate often enough to guess exactly what she was doing: tugging on her outer pussy lips before cresting over her clit with the ball of her thumb. I waited patiently until she gave the word. Then I waited impatiently. I was growing so turned on, listening to the sounds she made while she was playing with her pussy and feeling the heat coming off her body in waves.

Finally, she said, "Now!" and I thrust forward. I was surprised by the urgency of her voice, entering her before I realized she'd timed my entrance with advent of her orgasm. She climaxed fully as I was fucking her ass, and that turned me on so much I could hardly stay upright.

I held on to her hips, and I fucked her ripe peach of an ass with everything I had. I ground against her, and I heard the sweet noises she made as she

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▷ SUCK A WHAT?

kept tripping one orgasm into the next. When I was out of my head, I pulled out of Sonia's ass, unbuckled the harness, and had her flip around and eat my cunt. I stayed up on my knees, and I pulled open my nether lips and let her really go to town on my clit. Sonia sucked me off in no time, and then she pushed me onto my stomach, got behind me, and rimmed me for all she was worth.

Her tongue in my ass and my fingers on my clit took me to another climax, and by the time I finished coming, my whole body was limp and relaxed.

We went to the bathroom together and washed up, and then collapsed back in the bed. As I cradled Sonia to my body, I felt as if I reached a new plateau of pleasure. My body still hummed with endorphins, and I could tell from the look on Sonia's face that she felt the same way.

That was it for the night, I thought.

And then Sonia reached for another lollipop.

—T.S., Dallas, Texas

■ LUNCH HOUR

Abigail was hired as a temporary file clerk for my office, and she immediately became more than a tiny distraction to the male members of staff. She was tall with dark hair, an hourglass figure, and striking green eyes. Her ass and her tits fought for attention, especially since she was prone to wearing dark dresses that hugged her curves while still being modest and professional. Abigail was the naughty librarian fantasy brought to life. A person could get lost in the dream of her whipping off the tortoiseshell readers she sometimes wore, letting her hair down, and getting on her knees.

My fantasy was most definitely her getting on her knees, an image that haunted me most days she worked. She wasn't simply gorgeous. She had the most amazing mouth, and her smile made my blood pressure go up. I'd find myself absentmindedly staring at her plump lips

and thinking of what they'd look and feel like encircling my cock.

I showed up one Saturday to catch up on some work and heard a noise in the file room. Abigail stuck her head out and grinned. "I was wondering who else was unlucky enough to be here. Poor you, buddy."

I nodded dumbly, stunned by the fact that she wasn't in her usual work garb. She had on a silky blue blouse with small white polka dots over a simple tank top. Her long legs were sheathed in snug, faded jeans, and she wore old-fashioned canvas tennis shoes that somehow made the whole sexpot thing even more intense. Her innocent attire really served to remind me of that sinful-looking mouth.

"Poor me," I echoed, my voice cracking a bit.

"I just ordered lunch. You want me to call back and add something for you?"

"Nope. That's okay. I'm not hungry," I said, working up the nerve to move past her and into the file room. I'd quickly gotten lost in my own filthy fantasy, and in that short time I'd sprouted a rock-hard erection that I tried to hide with a folder. I looked up at her eyes, but then my gaze swiftly dropped to those luscious lips of hers. When I met her gaze again, I saw she was scoping out my clumsily shielded hard-on.

All the moisture went out of my mouth when she said, "What ya got there?"

"I...what?"

She nodded and stepped fully out of the oversized closet that served as a pseudo file room. "There. In your pants. What do you have?"

I blinked at her. I had no idea what to say. *Why, that's a penis. Hard! Just for you.* Instead, I continued to stare.

"It looks like you have something for me," Abigail said, taking the words out of my head.

I considered pinching myself. I was fairly certain I was having a dream. But she kept coming at me, all denim and polka dots and innocent white tennis shoes.



"I see you staring at me." She stopped a few inches away and reached out to drag one fingernail down my zipper. I saw that her nails were painted an arresting shade of red. "I catch you fixating on my mouth. I bet you're wondering what my lips would feel like wrapped around that hard cock of yours. Am I right?"

I didn't trust my voice, so I nodded. Heat suffused my cheeks, and I was pretty sure I was the color of a cooked lobster.

"Let's find out," she said, and my heart stopped. Or, at least, it felt like it did.

She licked those lips—the ones I'd had many a dirty dream about—and unbuttoned my pants. She dragged my zipper down and then her cool fingers were pulling me free of my boxers. My brain scrambled to remember if I'd locked the front door of the office. For a moment I panicked, certain I hadn't, but then I remembered turning the key in the lock and was able to breathe again.

"I've been trying to get your attention," she said, stroking my cock.

I felt my eyelids drift shut and then said, "You have?"

"Yes, I have. But you just stare wistfully at my mouth and don't notice that I'm flirting with you, sweetie."

Her thumb swept the slick tip of my cock, and she spread my pre-come around. The silken sensation made my knees a little weak.

"But fate has thrown us together on this lovely Saturday."

I opened my eyes and looked at her. Her green eyes flashed, her long brown hair artfully arranged in a messy knot on her head. "Here I am," I said stupidly.

When she dropped to her knees, I uttered a noise that was a half sigh, half whimper. I didn't even have time to worry about how uncool that sound was.

Abigail stuck her pink tongue out and swept it over my cockhead. I touched a lock of her hair. It was soft. Unbelievably so.

She smiled up at me and then sucked



"SHE SUCKED ME IN EARNEST, A NOT-TOO-FAST, NOT-TOO-SLOW RHYTHM."

the tip of my erection into her mouth. The searing heat of her mouth hit me, and I groaned. Her mouth slid down my shaft, engulfing me. Her lips were amazing, spread against my skin, pink with lipstick, and lush. Lusher than I'd imagined. She cupped my balls and began a slow, agonizing rhythm, taking me into her mouth and throat all the way to the root of my cock. The press of her warm lips to the base of my dick was intoxicating.

She her mouth massaged my length, pulling off me occasionally to slide her parted lips up one side and then down the other. She dragged her tongue up the fat vein on the back of my cock and sucked the tip again before repeating the entire maddening process over again.

At some point, I'd buried my hands in her hair and began the most controlled thrust I could muster. I was grunting with every buck of my hips.

"That's nice," she said, pausing in her oral attention. "You taste good. Really good." She proved it by licking my dick like an ice-cream cone. Like she had all the time in the world and was perfectly

content to be there on the hard office floor sucking me off.

I shut my eyes, trying to focus on making the moment last. She swirled and lapped and suckled my cock until small white dots appeared behind my eyelids. I felt a rush of euphoria slam through me and said hoarsely, "Goddamn." Then I shouted, "Fuck me!" for good measure.

"Not now. But soon," she said softly and then laughed.

She took me down again, so deep I felt the cap of my cock brush the warmth of her throat. Then she sucked me in earnest, a not-too-fast, not-too-slow rhythm that swept me under. I pushed into her, losing my manners, and gripped her hair. When I looked down to see her pinch her nipple through her plain white tank top, I lost it. Two more deep thrusts accompanied by her wet, gentle sucking, and I was coming. I emptied into her willing mouth as she tweaked the other nipple and sucked me dry.

The doorbell rang, and we both froze. Then she pulled her mouth free of my cock and said, "That would be my food. I'm starving. Though I could be convinced to share."

I put my hand out to help her up, and she stood. She kissed me softly and whispered, "Why don't you go get that while I put myself together? We can eat and then..." She touched my pants again even as I fumbled to right myself and zip up. "Then maybe you can do something for me."

"I'd rather eat you first," I managed in a fairly calm voice, "and then the lunch."

Abigail grinned at me, and I went to pay for the food.

—D.M., Sparks, Nevada

LETTERS

▷ SUCK A WHAT?



■ PURE BLISS

The way she stirred the cream into her coffee gave me an instant hard-on. I wasn't expecting to tent my slacks so early into our date, but the body does what the body wants to. Mine apparently wanted to make life more difficult for me in the time it took her to pour in the steady stream of white cream into her Americano and then spin spiral designs into the dark liquid. I must have blushed, or coughed, or done something physical as a reaction, because she looked up at me and then winked.

We'd met for coffee a few times over the past month, comfortable in that getting-to-know-you phase of dating. Were we destined to continue down the road to sex and romance? Or were we going to take a sidetrack and end up on the route of friends? I hadn't been entirely sure until that moment. The stir and the wink. I hoped like hell she was on the same page I was.

Her foot nudged mine under the table. I nudged back. She said, "You look a little flushed. Is the espresso getting to you?"

I shifted on my chair and cleared my throat. How could I explain that I wanted to be the cream in her coffee? That I wanted her to milk the liquid of my pleasure from me with that perfect mouth of hers? She toyed with her spoon. I reached out a hand and let my fingertips brush hers. She sipped her coffee. I hoped the drink was cool enough by now for her to swallow it fast. I wanted to get us out of there, out of that small San Francisco café and up the steep hill to my apartment. She seemed to know what I was thinking, the way her eyes had lit up, green and gold flashing in the sunlight coming through the windows. She tilted back in her chair and lifted the cup in both hands. After every sip, she gave a contented sigh.

I wanted those plush pink lips around my rod. I wanted that warm mouth caressing me. She smiled as she sipped, her lips curving upward, her eyes bright. I put dollars on the table. I took my coat from the back of the chair. It was long enough. I could hide my hard-on but not my desires.

"Are you finished?" I asked, trying not to sound too desperate.

"Did you want to go somewhere else?"

She was playing coy. I wanted to go inside her mouth. Or to come inside her mouth. How was I to say that in public, in mixed company, where the barista might hear me?

"I have coffee at my place," I said, "if you want a refill."

"Do you have cream?" she asked, and I knew right then that she understood everything. She could see my thoughts, hear my fantasies. I took her by the hand, and we walked out of the restaurant and up the hill together. My throbbing erection made every step an echo of torturous bliss, yet each footstep on the cracked cement took us closer to nirvana. Halfway up the hill, she looped her arm through mine and stopped us walking. She pressed her body to mine, and I knew she felt what I was hiding under my coat. She tugged on my hips to pull me even closer to her. We were front to front, body to body, hard me to soft her. I sighed as she squirmed and wriggled in my embrace to stimulate what was already erect and ready.

"You got turned on by my cream, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Dirty boy."

"I couldn't help it," I told her. "There was something so sensual in the way you stirred that spoon."

She laughed and said, "Just you wait." Then we were practically sprinting up the hill. The chill in the air was pure winter in San Francisco, but the heat I felt inside myself was like summertime. At my apartment building, I worked the key, and then we were in the lobby and moving to the stairs. She'd never been to my place before, but we didn't waste time on the niceties. We burst into my apartment on the third floor, fell into each other's arms, and made out as if we'd invented kissing. Her lips tasted of French Roast. I sipped her delicate aroma. Then we were stripping, right there in my living room. My coat and scarf tossed to a chair. Her poncho and blouse. Boots,

socks, and jeans flung hither and far. Naked, we came together on my beat-up carpet and began to find our way around the uncharted territory of each other's bodies. We connected, in a simple yet intricate manner. I licked the hollows of her collarbone. She nuzzled her nose against my chest.

We kissed and nibbled up and down, until we were in a 69, and then...well, then we discovered that cream really does rise. She tongued my cockhead. I pierced her split with the tip of my tongue. She groaned and roiled above me, her body one undulating line of undiluted desire. I held her pussy lips open with my hands and pressed my lips to her little clit. She swallowed more of my length down her heavenly throat.

We moved in perfect tandem, a sexual seesaw, giving and taking from one another as if we'd choreographed the event ahead of time. She took a breath as I made spirals with my tongue around her hot button. I lay back for a moment when she resumed the vacuum-like suction of her mouth on my balls. There was never a time when one of us was not fondling or licking, kissing or nipping at the other. She produced copious amounts of sex juices. I coated her lips with my salty pre-come.

"You taste so sweet," I murmured against her split. She responded, but I couldn't make out the words, not with her mouth so full of my cock. I could guess what she'd said, though. I could imagine she'd said the same thing, echoing that she loved the way I tasted as much as I adored her tangy flavor.

The truth was I couldn't get enough. Each time I swiped away her honey, I was rewarded with more of the ambrosia-like nectar. I drank from her until my lips felt swollen and shiny with her juices. She worked my dick as if she'd always known the way to turn me on. There was magic in her mouth.

I bumped her clit with the tip of my tongue before going for the gold. I



made a tight ring with my lips around her clitoris, and I sucked as if my world depended on making her climax. She didn't stop drinking from me, but now the sounds she made were guttural. She groaned and moaned like a wild animal, a beast after one thing only: the most perfect orgasm. It was my most heartfelt desire to give that to her, to take her higher than she'd ever been.

Only minutes before, we were out in public, drinking coffee in the middle of a Saturday afternoon. Now, we were stripped to our most naked selves, pleasing each other with our mouths. Hungry for one another. Hungry for love.

She ground her hips against my face with a surprising force. I was thrilled with how comfortable she was. She seemed completely at ease taking from me what she needed. I would give her everything she craved.

I could tell the exact moment she climaxed. She stilled for a second, and then she shuddered all over. Her cry of victory echoed around my small apartment, and I was rewarded with a fresh wave of her personal cream. I swallowed every drop and then attempted once more to lick her clean, but each swipe of my tongue brought forth a rush of fresh juices. She wiggled and sighed above me, and I could tell she was cresting on the pleasure I'd brought her.

Then finally, we could wait no longer.

"MY COCK WENT DEEP INTO HER WELL- LUBED SPLIT. SHE GYRATED. I BUCKED."

She swiveled around and put her hands on my chest. My cock went deep into her well-lubed split. She gyrated. I bucked. She looked down at me with sex-glazed eyes. I stirred her with my own spoon, and then I came. Harder than I could remember from the past. Filling her with my liquid. Painting her with my designs.

She collapsed against me, our bodies still connected, and she said, "That was utterly brilliant. Let's make it a double!"

-B.W., San Francisco, California

Ever experienced an incredible Thanksgiving-turkey mouth—the kind that cries out for stuffing? Tell us all about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SAW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



BUILT FOR SPEED

RYAN'S RUN TAKES AN EROTIC TURN WHEN STEVIE PUTS HIM THROUGH HIS PACES.





“A HOT MAN WITH A HARD COCK
IS THE BEST WORKOUT.”

—STEVIE

















■ DRESSING UP

“**Y**ou can fuck her,” my husband said to me, “but only if you can convince her you’re a man.”

Thus, the challenge was set. I figured we’d do something like this during the weekend-long convention. Rick and I are both very inventive. We also have a great marriage, which happens to be an open one.

The woman had caught my eye immediately. She had a trim, healthy figure; long, dark hair; and a model’s features. She moved with a sultry ease and exuded an enticing sexual aura. Rick had seen me ogling her across the hotel’s lobby bar.

The convention was for costume and makeup people who worked in motion pictures. There were lectures and workshops, and all sorts of opportunities to make connections. We’d been in the business more than a decade. We knew

all the tricks of transforming actors into any look.

“She’ll believe I’m a man,” I said, watching as she lifted a glass to her delicate lips. “Then I’m going to fuck her like one.” I grinned. Rick did, too.

We went up to our room and opened our makeup kits. Earlier we’d performed a demonstration, altering a young man’s appearance so that he looked like he was 80. The audience had loved it.

Now we set about my metamorphosis. My hair was short but thick. Rick applied lots of gel and gave me a part. I drew in subtle lines on my face to make my jaw look squarer and my nose broader. Rick applied a fake mustache, modestly sized. We decided to add chic eyeglasses.

Then came the clothes. First, we taped down my tits with a wide adhesive strip. A sharp blue suit we’d packed fit me nicely. I put on black men’s shoes and wore a striped tie.

Rick dipped into another bag. “*Pièce de résistance*, darling,” he said,

brandishing the object. “Wear this, baby, for true authenticity.”

I laughed and took the strap-on dildo from him. The cock part was pliable, made of thick rubber. I liked how it felt in my pants; it also produced a very convincing bulge.

Back down to the lobby we went. I feared my lovely dark-haired quarry might have left, but there she was with a fresh drink before her. Rick whispered encouragement, then slipped off to leave me on my own.

I’d been around actors and actresses most of my life, so I had some experience with taking on new mannerisms. I adopted a masculine stride as I closed the distance between us. She glanced up, and I held her eyes for a moment, pausing and smiling. I went to the vacant barstool beside her. “This seat taken?” I asked, pitching my voice several octaves lower than normal.

“It’s not.” Her voice was lightly accented, which somehow made her more desirable to me.

I sat and ordered a cocktail. I made a few remarks about the convention. She responded knowledgeably, like someone in the industry would. Finally, I introduced myself. “I’m Tim.”

“Jade.” She held out her hand, and I shook it firmly. My nails were always trimmed for work. Hers were long and painted a dazzling red.

She was buying it! If she’d doubted my gender, surely she would’ve said something by now. I was drunk on my apparent success, but I was also mesmerized by her. Up close, she was even more beautiful.

I tried a little flirting, saying things men had said to me in the past. I couldn’t read the expression on her face at first. I couldn’t tell if I was falling flat or if she was impressed. This game was a lot tougher from the masculine end. My lust was overwhelming. It felt like my phony cock was throbbing for real.

Eventually, Jade warmed up. She



started responding to my suggestive comments with ones of her own. I'd established she was at the convention alone, which made my heart beat a little faster.

"Can we go up to your room?" I asked, thinking I'd die if she said no.

Demurely she said yes, and we headed to the elevator. I was quivering with desire as we entered her room. She turned, stepped closer to me, and kissed me on the mouth. Her lips were delicate and soft.

"Your mustache tickles," she said with a giggle. Then we kissed again, deeper this time, mouths parting and tongues tangling with a passionate urgency.

She pressed her body against me, and I closed my arms around her. She pushed deliberately against my strap-on, as if it was a real erection she desired to stimulate.

Of course in the next minute this passionate encounter might all be over. She could justifiably freak out when she discovered the truth about me. Even so, I couldn't resist reaching down to clutch her sculpted ass. When she groped me the same way, I felt up her luscious tits while I still could.

Finally, she tugged on my zipper. Before I could do anything, she reached in and drew out my rubbery length. She grinned as she fondled it. "I'm going to suck your cock," she said.

With a wild mixture of desire and horror, I watched her go to her knees before me. The dildo was an unrealistic color, no match at all for my dusky skin tone. I braced for her cry of outrage. Instead, I heard wet sucking sounds.

I looked down, and my eyes popped wide. Jade was indeed blowing my ersatz erection. She held the shaft in one hand. Her head lunged forward, and she swallowed me down. It was a glorious, mesmerizing sight.

She knew she was sucking a bogus cock. She had to know. But she acted like it was the real thing, slurping ardently

and letting out little groans as her mouth dropped again and again on me.

Weird instincts overtook me. My hips started to thrust. I found I wanted to bury my dick deep in her face. I put my shaking hands on her head, and then wound my fingers into her hair. I jammed the dildo harder into her, and she deep-throated me effortlessly.

Beneath all my costuming, my pussy quivered wetly. My whole body prickled with sexual energy. I couldn't believe how excited this scene had gotten me. Obviously I could feel her mouth on me, but the idea of it somehow transmuted into a carnal reality in my mind, sending white-hot tendrils of pleasure throughout my body. It really was like I was face-fucking this beautiful woman with a real dick.

When she pulled her mouth off me, I gave a needful cry. She stood and slipped her dress off her shoulders. After tossing aside her bra and panties, she stood naked before me. Her body glowed with loveliness. Her breasts were pale mounds capped with exquisite dark nipples. Her sparse pubic fuzz revealed the gleaming lips of her pussy.

"I have to taste you," I growled hoarsely, my voice more masculine than ever.

Grinning, she backed up toward the



"JADE'S AROMA STRUCK ME EVEN BEFORE I GOT MY MOUTH ON HER SNATCH."

bed. She sat on the edge, lying back and spreading her legs. Eagerly, I knelt between those creamy thighs. Jade's aroma struck me even before I got my mouth on her snatch. Hers was an intoxicating scent, rich and vibrant.

When I put my lips to her pussy, she cried out. I licked her folds, then really nuzzled into her. I realized quickly that my glued-on mustache was gently abrading her sensitive flesh. I thought of all the times Rick had eaten me out when he had stubble, how thrilling that contact was for me. I used my phony facial hair deliberately after that, coaxing further pleasure from her.

Her clit quivered against my tongue. She humped her crotch hard against my

is have our own sex-filled escapades—with other people.

This past winter, I went to Canada for a winter hiking expedition with the guys, and while we were there, I noticed a rare woman at the lodge. Not that there aren't ever women on these extreme adventures. It's that usually the women I see during these outdoorsy excursions are butch and buff—attractive in their own way, but not really my type—but this lady...damn, she was feminine and fine!

All the guys had noticed her when we'd left on our first hike, and we saw her along the trail a few times. Everyone wanted a piece of her, but no one else was single. I mean, I wasn't single, but I didn't have to worry about being faithful. So, after the rest of the guys left at the end of the week, I continued hiking, heading further along the trail and hoping to run into her again.

I caught up to the woman two days later, at the next big lodge. There was no one else around, since most people never progress this far up the trail, so aside from the staff, we were the only people in the place. When dinner was served that night, we both chose to eat in the dining room, and being the only guests there, we sat together and talked.

We made polite conversation about the trail and how we came to be hiking alone, and when dinner was over, I waited for her to decide what happened next. It was obviously my lucky day, because what she suggested we do next was get some mulled wine and sit by the fire together. "To warm up and keep each other company," she added suggestively.

But instead of sitting by the big fireplace in the main room, she guided me back to one of the deluxe guest rooms—her room—and suggested we sit in front of the small fireplace in there instead.

After that, it wasn't long before she started to get frisky. First, she claimed she was too warm, so she needed to take off a few layers to "get comfortable."



"I LAPPED HER SLIT—AND THEN SLIPPED MY TONGUE INSIDE HER."

It was a reasonable thing to do, and I followed suit, taking off my sweater, too. Then she said she was still too warm, so she took off her long-sleeved shirt and her jeans, leaving her in only a camisole, bra, and panties.

It couldn't have been more obvious what she was angling for, but I wasn't about to take the leap. I wanted her to make the first move, so there would be no question about her desires. Fortunately, I didn't have to wait long. She sat there patiently, in only her underthings, while we drank the rest of the Thermos of mulled wine we'd gotten from the kitchen, but once the container was empty, she told me that she wanted to get a little more comfortable. She stood up and went to the bathroom. I

heard the water running and then the rustle of clothes coming off, and I wasn't sure what to expect when she came back. What I got, though, was a very sexy, very naked woman.

Instead of sitting down next to me, she sat right in my lap, her naked body rubbing against me as she settled into her new seat and wiggled her ass over my quickly hardening cock. And then she kissed me.

That was all the sign I needed that she was truly interested. I pulled her tight against my chest as I kissed her back, then thrust my tongue between her lips to explore her mouth. Our tongues battled for control, and we took turns tasting each other as we sat in front of the fire, feeling our temperatures rise in more ways than one.

Soon, I had her on her back in front of the fireplace, with most of my weight resting on my arms so I wouldn't crush her and one leg pushed between her thighs. She was grinding her bare, wet pussy against my leg. I could feel the moisture from her aroused cunt soaking through my pants and dampening my skin. Knowing that she was so wet from only a little flirting and foreplay was highly arousing to me.

She eventually started to wrestle my clothes off of me—no easy task since I wasn't yet ready to break our lip-lock—but

LETTERS

▷ OPEN SEASON

soon enough she had my shirt halfway up my chest and my pants and boxers almost to my knees. By the time she got me that undressed, she wasn't willing to quit. She pushed me away and stripped my clothes entirely off. Then she yanked me right back on top of her.

I kissed her hotly, but I wanted more of her. I traced a trail down her body, kissing her neck and breasts and circling her nipples with my tongue. Then I moved further still, sliding along her stomach and stopping to swirl my tongue around her belly button. I wandered across her hips, down her toned thighs, over her bent knees, and all the way down her long, smooth legs until I got to her feet. I kissed her soles, her toes, and then I worked my way back up until I got to her wet center.

I lapped her slit gently—once, twice, three times—and then slipped my tongue inside her, easing it all the way in and then wiggling it around before easing it back out. I did that over and over again, occasionally pulling out all the way so I could lick her swollen clit. I didn't stop

until I felt her come, her thighs shaking against my head and her back arching up off the floor as she jammed her pussy against my mouth.

It took her a few minutes to calm down after her climax, but once she'd caught her breath, she was ready to go again. She pushed me onto my back and swung a leg over my pelvis, facing my feet. She sat herself on my cock like she was about to ride a winning racehorse. Leaning over,

**“SHE THRUST
UP AND DOWN
ON MY COCK,
AND I WATCHED
HER BEAUTIFUL
BUTT BOB.”**

she grasped my ankles and gave me a perfect view of her ass, and then she started to ride me. She thrust quickly up and down on my cock, and I watched her beautiful butt bob before my eyes. Her cheeks jiggled and shook like they were designed by a skilled 3-D animator, and I was ready to shoot in almost no time.

But my lover had other ideas. When I told her I was about to blow, she rose off my cock and carefully turned around, repositioning herself so she could face me. Then she sank ever-so-slowly back onto my dick and started to ride me again. But now she was going painfully slow, easing up and down at a snail's pace. Her maddening motions kept me on edge without pushing me over, and I felt like I was on the verge of climax for-fucking-ever. That moment was the closest I'd come to living in slow motion—and it was absolute agony and perfection, all at once.

Our coupling continued like that for what seemed like an eternity, but it was probably only five or ten minutes. Still, when she finally started fucking me again with more intensity—her body moving up and down at a rapid-fire pace and her tits bouncing wildly in front of me—I felt a monster climax building inside me. I came harder than I had in a long time, feeling like I was firing rockets from my dick. The moment was that intense; I think I'll remember it for a lifetime.

I spent the next couple of days hiking with my new companion, but I left before things could get complicated. After a week and a half, I was ready to see my wife again.

That weekend, I flew down to Miami to surprise my wife, who had been having her own vacation trysts. We spent the next three days together fucking each other's brains out while we recounted all the amazing sex we'd had with other people while we were apart. Beth told me about the three different cabana boys she'd had her way with over the past ten days, and I told her all about my Northern



sexcapades. We even reenacted some of our hottest scenes together, sharing all the best parts of our private sex lives with each other.

At the end of our two weeks, it was time to get back to the grind. Of course, there was no way we'd pass up the chance for some extra fun. On the way home, I hooked up with a flight attendant—finally joining the Mile-High Club—and my beautiful wife got it on with an attractive female pilot while we waited for our delayed connecting flight in the airline's first-class lounge.

The next day, when I got to work—after only two hours of sleep—one of my coworkers commented on my appearance. “The missus wore you out last week, didn't she?” he said with a laugh, as if that were such a strange thought.

“You have no idea,” I assured him. “You have no fucking idea.”

Whatever people may think about couples who willingly and openly cheat on each other like Beth and I do, I guarantee they're not having nearly as much sex—or at least not as much good sex—as we are. And, man, do I feel bad for those couples. Because fucking your wife after she's had her way with another man and you've experienced the joy of sex with a strange woman—there is nothing better than that. Not a single fucking thing.

—L.F., via email

■ SOUTHERN LOVING

I'm bisexual. My boyfriend knew this even before we ever dated. We went to college together, and things were liberal enough at our school that I could be seen with a man or woman on my arm at parties or other social functions. But sleeping with girls was not a college phase for me; the attraction has persisted all these years later. I love cock, but I also love pussy.



Max, my boyfriend, had no problem with this. He's completely straight but doesn't mind getting some strange every now and then. We dated for a long time but saw other people, not sharing details. He'd go off fishing with some buddies, and if he got laid, which he probably did, I didn't care, because I was spending my time tasting the cunt-juice of some sweet, young thing.

When we finally decided to move in together, I made it clear that I was not going to stop seeing other women. Max is the only man I sleep with now, which makes him happy, and he's told me that he doesn't see other women (he sweetly says that I'm all he can handle). Max and I don't have threesomes; the women I date aren't interested in men, and besides, I wouldn't want to share them.

Over the years I've had my share of one-night stands and short affairs with ladies, but for the past year I've been head over heels in love with Tallulah. Now, I'm six feet tall in bare feet, but Tallulah is hardly over five feet. She is dark, while I am Nordically blonde and pale. She's also about half my age. I picked her up in a lesbian bar one night and went back to her place, which was full of cats and needlework. I brushed the

cats from the bed and stripped that little waif buck-naked, and then sucked on her eraser-hard nips for a long time. This made her quite wet, so I then buried my face in her sweet snatch and dined like a goddess.

I was open with Tallulah, telling her I had a live-in boyfriend and I wasn't going to leave him. She was cool with it, and I don't expect fidelity from her. We only see each other every other week or so, as Max and I live way out in the suburbs and she's got a little studio apartment in the city. Max makes it easier for me, though. Every other month or so, he'll go on some manly vacation with his buddies, allowing Tallulah and I to spend a blissful week together.

Last winter, Max and his friends went up north to go ice-fishing, an activity that sounds completely dumb to me. The night before he left, he gave me a very thorough fucking. I sucked his meaty cock until it was straining at the seams, and then he slipped it into my clutching pussy. When I'm with Max, I tend to be submissive and very feminine. When I'm with women, I tend to be dominant and butch. Anyway, he fucked me hard, flipped me over, and fucked me some more, doggy-style. Since he wouldn't be

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▷ OPEN SEASON

getting any pussy for a week, he wanted to make sure he got his fill.

After that round, I headed to the shower. Max soon joined me and fucked me from behind with his rejuvenated dick. When he was close to climaxing again, I dropped to my knees and blew him so I could swallow his come. It would be the last taste of him I'd have for a while and I savored his flavor. I'd have Tallulah to taste, of course, but Max has his own special qualities.

Max went north, and Tallulah and I flew south. We went to a beach that has a large lesbian community, where we rented a cozy bungalow. The beach was clothing-optional, so as soon as we arrived and unpacked, Tallulah and I headed to the sandy shore and stripped to the buff. We splashed around in the water like seals and couldn't keep our hands off each other. We lay out for a while to get some sun, and then horniness overtook us.

We didn't even make it to the bedroom. Once inside the house, I lifted Tallulah onto the kitchen counter and tasted the salt that still remained on her skin from the ocean. I pulled off her top (the town itself is not clothing-optional) and worshiped her breasts, which are shaped like champagne glasses. I've already mentioned those nipples—I dream about them—and I closed my eyes and sucked and nearly went into a hypnotic state.

Tallulah was enjoying the moment, too. She had her legs wrapped around my waist and her fingers running through my hair. Both of us were aroused, and the perfume of our musk mixed with the aroma of the beach to create a smell that should be made into a candle. Tallulah managed to pull me off her tits and said with a smile, "Let me."

I stood and stripped, and then took her hand and went into the living room, where there was an old leather sofa that felt as soft as butter. We plopped down



on it, and she somehow managed to land face-first in my cunt. I wound my fingers in her hair, as if holding on to something in preparation for a tornado, and let my sweet girlfriend lick my wet sex. She knows how I like it—little kisses around the labia, taking forever and a day to get to my poor, waiting clit. Then, just when I think I'm going to go out of my mind, she sucks hard on my button. The intensity made my body jerk, nearly knocking both of us onto the floor, but Tallulah held on and kept her mouth connected to my cunt as I came.

I was up on her, one orgasm to zero, so I remedied that by positioning her on her knees and slipping two fingers into her hot hole. I slapped her ass a bit with my free hand because I love to see my red palm prints on her butt cheeks, and then I licked her asshole while I finger-banged her snatch. This girl loves anilingus, and I was happy to give it to her. Her pussy

clamped down on my fingers like a vise as I swabbed her anus with my tongue. I kept up the action, knowing I was driving her closer and closer to a monstrous orgasm. When her climax hit, her shrill cries were like the sweetest music to me. Watching her tiny body undulate with ecstasy made my heart flutter. It was a beautiful sight, and I felt so fulfilled, knowing I was able to bring such incredible joy to her.

Once we'd each caught our breath, it was time for a shower before we finally made it to the bedroom. Temporarily sated, we took a nap as we cuddled together. I awakened to find Tallulah sucking my nipples and idly playing with my pubic hair. I let her do this for a while before I encouraged her to slide her digits into my pussy. She did so, finger-fucking me while continuing to mouth my tit. By the time I came, she'd left a dark purple hickey on my right breast.

It was now time to bring out the big guns. I hopped up naked and went to my suitcase, where I pulled out a strap-on dildo that Tallulah refers to as "Big Bertha." Upon seeing it, she clapped her hands and cried in delight, "Oooh, it's Big Bertha time!"

"It sure is," I said, affixing the contraption to my hips. The dildo itself is fairly large, maybe the equivalent of an eight-inch cock, which is pretty big for A) a tiny girl like Tallulah, and B) a girl who's never had a real cock inside her. But after several go-rounds with Bertha, Tallulah gleefully takes every inch of the toy.

First, she got on her knees on the bed and started sucking me. Tallulah does this not because she's interested in sucking cock, but because she knows the image is so striking to me. We once videotaped ourselves, and the part that

time, pressing forward until she moaned with abandon and Big Bertha was in her up to the hilt. Then I started fucking her, gradually building up speed until I was giving her the kind of pounding that Max gives me. On this occasion, Tallulah came quickly with her fists gripping the bedsheets as she cried out.

Though she was thrilled with her orgasm, Tallulah wanted more. She pulled off my dick and rolled over, pointing her toes to the ceiling and begging me for my cock. I climbed aboard and began fucking her again. She reared up and managed to latch onto my left nipple this time, sucking it fiercely as I gave it to her hard. She climaxed again, reduced to trembling in my arms, and then licked her own nectar off of Big Bertha. We were pretty worn out after that and went to sleep without any

supper. But it was the start of a terrific week of sex.

After the vacation was over, we flew back home. I put Tallulah in a taxi, kissed her good-bye, and got in my own cab. Max would be waiting for me at home, and I knew he would give me a good fucking. I was thinking I might like him to fuck me in the ass this time.

I truly have the best of both worlds: a hot guy with a hard cock and a sexy chick who lets me bang her all night long. I'm truly blessed.

—S.D., Dover, Delaware

Is your relationship open? Since you like to share, why not share your story? Mail your tale to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department OS, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

**"SHE MANAGED
TO LATCH ONTO
MY LEFT NIPPLE,
SUCKING IT
FIERCELY."**

I found most arresting—and masturbate the most to when I'm alone—is when she sucks that plastic dick. I take an imperiously imperious stance, and she is in total supplication, sucking Big Bertha as if her life depended on it. And that night was no different. The sight of her swallowing my dick deep gives me an illicit thrill that rocks me to my core.

After Big Bertha was all slick, Tallulah did a 180 and presented her perky ass to me. I lined up the toy with her pussy and sank in slowly. I gave her an inch at a





KNOCKIN' BOOTS

EVEN AFTER A DAY ON THE TRAIL, AIDRA AND CHARLOTTE ARE STILL HOT TO TROT.









“AIDRA’S MOUTH IS MY
 FAVORITE RIDE. YEE-HAW!”

—CHARLOTTE







ROCK, PAPER, SCISSORING

An adventurous swinging couple delves into new erotic waters when a swap goes differently from what they'd expected.

By Salima Gaber

I had to go and get braggy. From where he was chatting with Daniel, my husband gave me a look. But I ignored his nonverbal *Don't go there!* and kept right on with what I wanted to say to Viv, Daniel's wife.

"Oh, Pavel and I love to swing!"

I admit I like to shock people. But Viv, who was a sensual woman with spiky blonde hair, just smiled. She had given me the opening for my risqué statement. Well, sort of. She'd casually mentioned how a little extramarital flirting could be healthy for a relationship. I had simply taken the topic to its extreme.

While Pavel—who'd seen my comment coming like the mind-reading husband he is—gaped at me, Viv said conversationally, "That must be nice."

Daniel came to sit and join us, bringing Pavel along. We were guests at Viv and Daniel's place; they were our new neighbors. We'd brought a welcome wagon bottle of brandy and were all sipping a bit of it. They'd already had a bottle of wine going, but we rock-paper-scissors'ed for it, and my paper covered Viv's rock.

"Why, yes," I said, trying to measure the receptability of this other married couple. I was already sure they weren't prudes. "It's lots of fun—with the right people."

Obviously, Pavel and I'd had ulterior motives coming here. We had scoped out these two when they'd moved into the area. Pavel said Viv was a hot little number, and I found Daniel's rugged good looks irresistible. But my husband and I knew from experience that such situations should be handled with delicacy.

Too late now, though. I'd opened my big mouth.

Viv, after trading a knowing look with

Daniel, said as amiably as before, "Tell us about the best time you two have had."

We were in it now, I figured. Pavel chuckled. We'd been swinging for several years, but he knew which time had been our best.

"Well," Pavel said as I took a steady swallow of brandy, "let us tell you about Karl and Rashida."

The mention of their names rippled a thrill through me, though they'd moved away two years ago. Rashida had been a wiry thing, with flashing green eyes and

**"THE KISS WAS
LIKE A MAGIC KEY
THAT OPENED ME
UP TO THE
POSSIBILITIES."**

nice tits; Karl, his skin bronze where his wife's was dusky, was a looming male with a triathlete's physique.

"I met Rashida at the gym," I said.

"We ran treads side by side for half an hour and gabbed. I liked her. She didn't seem like a prig. After, she showed me a picture of her husband on her phone. I ran home to tell Pavel about them."

He picked up the thread. "Sal sold me on them. She had Rashida's number. We called, set up dinner at a restaurant."

"We wanted to look at them together."

"It's good to see how everybody interacts before proposing anything."

Viv gave a grin and murmured knowingly, "Yes, it is."

A hopeful warmth bloomed in me. She and Daniel hadn't freaked out yet. Maybe we were halfway to swapping partners with this lovely couple. I wanted to climb on Daniel's cock while Pavel went off somewhere to fuck Viv.

But for the time being we continued with our story. The restaurant worked out fine, with everybody exchanging increasingly flirtatious chitchat. When Rashida slipped her foot under the table and into Pavel's crotch, we all knew where things were going.

We drove to their place. Karl put his brawny arm around me to guide me up the stairs. Pavel was groping Rashida's ass as they hustled inside ahead of us. Karl pulled me off toward the guest bedroom. I waved a fond farewell to my lovely husband as Karl's smoking wife bundled him off to the main bedroom.

Viv and Daniel showed no signs of dismay at these developments. Usually, that's the biggest stumbling block for people who don't understand swinging: They can't get past jealousy. They don't get that I'm not cheating on my husband, nor he on me. This is a cooperative arrangement, made with respect and love. (Believe me, if Pavel stepped out on me without telling me, I'd be pissed.)

Leaning forward, eager to share now, I explained how Karl and I undressed each other. Clothing went flying into every corner, and I beheld his tall, naked body. I reached out and took hold of his hard cock. He throbbed in my grip as I gave him some expert pumping. I wanted his sweet meat inside me. Karl was plainly desperate for it, too, because he bent down and scooped me up and flung me onto the bed. I giggled and spread my



EROTICA

legs. His eyes were riveted to my pussy.

"Before he climbed on top of me, though," I said, "I made him lick me."

Our hosts didn't flinch. Viv's eyes shone brightly, and Daniel, sitting next to Pavel, was sporting an obvious hard-on in his jeans.

Pavel, laughing, said, "Rashida made me do the same thing." He had slid between her legs, her chocolatey thighs clamping his shoulders. Now, he described her scent, her flavor, how her hips jerked. Pavel is great with his tongue, and soon she was crying out.

Karl, meanwhile, was bringing me to a similar state of ecstasy with his oral skills. I humped against his face, my juices flowing with a wail of excitement climbing my throat. When I let it out, however, it was as if I heard the sound in stereo.

"See," said Pavel, "the bedrooms were right beside each other, the beds against a shared wall, so..."

So Rashida and I sang our climaxes to one another through the wall. I

remembered how strange and exciting that was. I would never have guessed that the very sounds of sex could be so stimulating. I came hard against Karl's lips, then he scrambled up onto me.

"Just as he plunged that luscious cock into my drenched hole, I again heard Rashida," I told them. "She gasped tightly this time, and I realized—"

"That I was putting my cock into her at the same time Karl was entering Sal," Pavel finished. I could see he was flushed with the memory, which was as precious to him as it was to me.

Karl fucked me while on the other side of the wall Pavel was fucking Rashida. I honestly don't think the experience could have been more spectacular if we'd all been in the same room together. In fact, though I love swinging, I don't feel any need to actually watch my husband screw another woman. That's a whole other kink, I guess.

But the audio performance enhanced things immeasurably. I could hear every

moan from Rashida, every grunt out of Pavel. I even felt their headboard knocking the wall. He was really giving it to that succulent piece of ass over there.

Karl fucked me like a bull. I wrapped his waist with my thighs and held on to his strong shoulders. He pounded me without mercy, which was great because I didn't want any mercy. Next door, I could hear Pavel's body smacking into Rashida's. We two women were both howling with pleasure.

Obviously, the arrangement of these bedrooms was no accident. Rashida and Karl had been swinging for a while. Later, they would introduce us to other like-minded folk in the area. You can see why it was such a wrench when Rashida's firm relocated her across the country.

But that first night with them was magical. Karl plowed me deep. I started screaming obscenities, any damn nasty thing that came into my head. Rashida took it up, like a chant. We traded glorious vulgarities through the shared wall while the men fucked us silly.

After my third or fourth orgasm, I sensed Karl getting ready to unload. I joined him in the buildup, shrieking encouragements and taking his cock all the way with every thrust.

When he let out his own cry of triumph, I felt the hot flood of his cream and rode through a fireworks-bright climax until I fell back limp on the bed. On the other side of the wall Pavel collapsed on top of Rashida, his spent cock still inside her.

Our story was told. I blinked my way back to the current reality of Viv and Daniel's living room.

Viv said, "That was...fantastic." Daniel nodded in avid agreement.

I grinned at Pavel. It looked like we had our next swinging partners.

But a weird smile touched Viv's pretty face. "Hey," she said softly, "have you two ever swapped, y'know, wife for husband?"

Pavel frowned in confusion. I thought I knew what Viv meant but didn't know





how to react. Finally, I asked her. "You mean, you take the other couple's wife to bed, and—and..." I couldn't finish.

So Daniel did it for me, saying bluntly, "And I take the husband."

The room froze. I traded a wide-eyed look with Pavel. So far as I knew, he'd never engaged in a gay experience in his life. And despite having a basic appreciation for the female form, I'd never slept with another woman.

I liked to shock people, but here I was the one struck totally dumb.

Viv broke the tension. "You're both fun people. Let's make it a game. Lovely Salima and I will do rock-paper-scissors again. If you win, we do it your way. If I win...our way. Okay?"

Still dumbfounded, I looked at Pavel for his response. He wore a nervous smile, but he nodded.

So Viv and I did the "one-two-three" fist-pump thing. Last time I'd covered her rock with my paper—flat hand over fist. Without thinking, I chose it again.

Viv held out two fingers in a "V." She reached over and placed the fingers around my spread-flat hand. With a wicked grin she said, "Snip."

I felt challenged. So did Pavel. We thought ourselves so sophisticated, so free of sexual constraints. We wondered why every married couple didn't swing like we did.

We could have backed out of this. Rock-paper-scissors wasn't legally binding, after all. But we decided to go through with it, and swing their way.

Pavel, looking like someone going skydiving for the first time, left with Daniel. He was taking him back to our home for their tryst. I knew that Pavel would undoubtedly tell me all the sexy details later, but I couldn't wait. I hurried to the window and watched the men leave. To my delight, Pavel must have sensed me watching. He stopped on the path in front of the house and took Daniel in his arms. I found that I was holding my breath as Daniel and Pavel shared their first kiss.

If I'd had a cock, it would have been at full mast. As it was, I could feel my pussy growing wetter. There was my husband locked in the arms of another man. I couldn't remember ever seeing something so erotic before.

Then Viv put her hand on my shoulder

"I CLOSED MY EYES, AND ACCEPTED THE TOUCH OF HER LIPS."

and turned me back to face her. We finished our brandies in silence. I felt exotic electricity coursing through me. Viv gave me a sultry smile, and held out one of her hands to me.

With a fluttery feeling in my belly, I took her hand and let her lead me into the bedroom. We stood together at the foot of the broad bed with its brass headboard. She pulled me toward her, slipping her arms around me. I went stiff, even though the softness of her body lit an unfamiliar ember of desire in me.

Her face moved toward mine. I closed my eyes, and with a freefall sensation I accepted the touch of her lips. Automatic responses allowed me to kiss her back. It was strange not to feel even a hint of stubble. When her tongue brushed me, I answered with my own.

The kiss was like a magic key that opened me up to the possibilities. My awkward stiffness left me, and I wrapped my arms around her. Our breasts pushed together. Her body hummed with a nimble strength, but she wasn't muscled like a man. Our lip-lock deepened, mouths grinding together and tongues twisting. Her hips moved. She pressed her crotch hard against mine. Dampness slickened my pussy.

I was feeling too hot in my clothes, and that bed looked awfully inviting. When Viv started tugging at my blouse, I reciprocated by slipping her dress off



her shoulders. She closed her hand over my tit, giving me a squeeze and catching my erect nipple between two knuckles. I moaned, then returned the groping favor, uncertainly cupping her breasts before caressing her with more confidence.

Some part of my mind wondered if Pavel was encountering these same unfamiliar hitches as he had his first sexual experiences with another male. That was part of the fun of swinging—knowing your love partner was, at that same moment, engaged in intimate carnal activity with someone else. The fact that we were doing it for the first time with a member of our own respective genders added a new level of excitement. Was Pavel on his knees taking Daniel's cock in his mouth? Or was Daniel working Pavel's dick, jacking him off with a manly caress? I lost myself for a moment before refocusing on the woman in front of me.

Gently, I worked the dress off her smooth hips, and Viv got me out of my jeans. We stood a few seconds longer there at the foot of the bed, and I drank in the sight of her—her creamy skin, perky tits, supple curves. All my nervousness

had shifted into a shivering arousal. I wanted this woman. Wanted her bad.

Viv plainly felt the same about me. We went swarming up onto the big bed, grappling, clutching. The full length of her bare body against mine sent raging ripples of passion through me. I squeezed her luscious ass in both my hands. She got her mouth on my tit and sucked my nipple, flicking it with her tongue and making me squeal with delight.

I had a go at suckling her. At first the sensation was strange, having a woman's breast in my mouth, but again carnal instinct kicked in. I sucked away deliriously, even grazing her gently with my teeth, the way I always liked it. She responded with groans of pure pleasure.

I wrestled her onto her back next. After feasting on her nips, I found myself kissing my way down her flat abdomen. Even before my mouth reached her pussy, I could smell her excited aroma. She parted her sleek thighs. I looked at her shaved mound. Her glistening lips were an enticing shade of pink.

When I delivered the first flick with my tongue, her whole body jumped. The brass headboard thumped the wall. She

“EVEN BEFORE MY MOUTH REACHED HER PUSSY, I COULD SMELL HER EXCITED AROMA.”

trembled with expectation. I lowered my mouth fully onto her with a sense of experimentation and duty.

Her flavor was tart. I had tasted myself in the past, kissing Pavel after he'd gone down on me, but this was different. Her juices were hot. Her folds were slick. I dove in with my tongue. I knew how I liked being eaten, so I did it that way to her. The results were fabulous.

Viv writhed on the bed, clawing the covers. Her legs clamped themselves around my shoulders. I bathed her clit with my tongue tip, then skimmed her with my teeth. She grabbed my long hair, howled like a madwoman and coated my face with her juice. I drank what she gave me, letting her warmth fill me.

When I came up panting, she swooped over me. First, she licked my dripping face, and then flipped me onto my back. I was eager to have her mouth on my pussy, but she didn't give me what I most wanted right away. She teasingly traced her tongue up my inner thigh. By the time she reached my teeming groove, I was quivering with need.

The touch of her tongue jolted hot sexual electricity through every part of me. My limbs jumped. My ass jerked, and I smeared my wetness over her mouth and chin. That taste of me must have put her into a frenzy because she started licking me like crazy.

She clutched my hipbones and

impaled me with her agile tongue. I locked my taut thighs around her shoulders and raked my fingers through her hair. She writhed between my legs, stabbing her tongue into me. She devoured my clit, sucking on it like I'd sucked her nipples. Intense bliss built up in me. Juices overflowed my pussy. I felt a line of liquid warmth spill into the valley of my ass and tickle my asshole.

I seized her hair in both hands now, fingers grasping gelled blonde strands. I humped mercilessly against her open mouth and shrieked as I came. Pleasure shook my bones, my heart, my soul. Viv kept her lips sealed to me as I quaked and streamed into her mouth.

After, I was limp from ecstasy. But as Viv came up to lay alongside me so we could cuddle, I realized I didn't want this to end yet. It was still so exciting, so new. I wondered if Pavel was enjoying a similar experience, losing himself in the wonder of erotic discovery. Probably. He was an adventurous man.

So it was with my husband in mind that I broke a sweet pussy-flavored kiss with my first female lover to say, "I want to do that—y'know, that scissoring thing. Can we do that?"

Viv's lovely face lit with delight. She quickly arranged us diagonally across the brass-framed bed, our heads pointed toward opposite corners of the bedroom. We both propped ourselves on our left elbows and carefully slotted our legs together, scooching forward until our pussies made contact.

For a second I thought it was going to be impossible, one of those sex acts that look good in a porn movie but don't work in real life. I was happy to be wrong. We settled our bodies into cooperative positions, with our cunt lips flush against each other. Then we started softly and slowly grinding on one another.

The wet heat of her pussy right on top of mine was a sensation like no other. I felt more than the pleasure of contact. It was almost as if I were plugging directly

into her sexual spirit. I sensed the tingles of joy spreading over her flesh. With her free hand, she touched her own breasts. I did the same, tweaking my nips.

Our hips rolled, finding the right mutual rhythms. We ground harder against each other. I felt her fluids mingling with mine, as they had when we'd kissed with pussy-tangy tongues. She lifted her ass off the bed, humping with even more force. I met her thrusts. We bucked against one another wildly, but neither of us was trying to dominate. This was a collaborative effort.

The bed rocked underneath us. Our pussies rubbed wetly. My clit throbbed against Viv's. The pleasure gathered over us both, lifting us up, embracing us. My nerve endings popped like fuses. Hot

euphoria pumped through my veins. My pussy beat a frantic tempo. I wailed out my climax. She joined me, and we sang our mutual rapture louder than Rashida and I had through the wall in the past.

This was even better than those times.

I imagined Pavel and Daniel reaching their own peaks. Were they rutting like beasts or making slow and tender love? Any way I pictured them, I knew they were finding their own bliss.

As Viv and I passed into our shared scissoring ecstasy, I knew Pavel and I had found our ultimate swinging partners. The next time we "rock, paper, and scissored," we'd undoubtedly land on something brand-new and sexy—a game to play and replay over and over again. 





LETTER OF THE MONTH

OVERTIME

A wild woman with a taste for kink incites a hot hookup with a curious coworker.

The job was a bit of a shit gig. It was fun, at first, working in a big store that everyone in the world seemed to know and love. Unusual furniture,

interesting items. Not your normal place. Walk in with a little bit of money and make a statement in your home. At least that's what the catalog promised.

Usually I had the lovely job of ringing up long, long lines of customers with their flat-packed sofas, kitschy glass items, and brightly colored plastic kitchen utensils. The people were nice enough and the day usually went fast, but, damn, sometimes I thought I'd scream if I had to ring up one more snake plant or handwoven wicker footrest.

It was Calli who kept the days interesting and my thoughts off fantasies of marching into the manager's office and handing in my yellow polo shirt as way of resignation. I could work at a fast-food joint, right? Or, fuck me, anywhere else. Except anywhere else wouldn't have Calli.

Somehow, no matter where I was stationed, she was always close. If I was on register four, she was on six. If I was on 12, she was on 13 or 14. Or if, God forbid, I was put outside—where the lemmings drove up in their SUVs and pickup trucks to cart their furniture home—she was, too. She probably weighed about 100 pounds, soaking wet, with a brick in each hand, but everyone did every job. We were told that in orientation.

"It's hot," Calli said. She glanced around and then took the bottom of her yellow polo and twisted it before tying it into a knot at her midriff. I caught sight of a flat, pale belly and an adorable navel.

I looked away before my cock got ideas of its own, like getting hard and

trying to find its way inside her like a heat-seeking missile.

"Hot as balls," I said, and then immediately regretted my choice of words.

She winked at me, and I felt heat come into my cheeks that had nothing to do with the 85 degree temperature. I also felt arousal surge right to my dick.

"I need...um..." stammered a customer. The woman looked flustered. She had red cheeks, sweat on her upper

**"SHE REMOVED
HER HOODIE.
NEXT, HER WORK
SHIRT AND THEN
HER BRA."**

lip, and her hair looked like she'd licked a light socket. She made a winding motion at Calli who tried desperately not to laugh.

"Twine?"

"Yes," the woman sighed, sounding like she was going to deflate. She waved her hand toward an SUV that had the tail end of a flat-packed something or other hanging out the back. "A lot."

Calli walked over to one of many blue boxes that held giant balls of industrial synthetic twine. She grabbed the string and began to pull, twisting it around and around her fist. When the fist was full, she kept winding it up her forearm. I watched her arm disappear to the

halfway point between wrist and elbow, and then she cut the twine.

"Think that's enough?" She smiled at the woman, and the woman smiled back. "If it's not, I'll be shocked."

Calli flashed me a wicked grin before delivering her load of twine to the large, sweating gentleman standing beside the SUV that the woman had indicated as hers.

Another lady asked me to load a chair into her vehicle, and I followed mutely. Because all I could think about was the way that twine had bitten into Calli's pale skin. How white flesh had grown rosy around it. How she smiled. And how she seemed to like the feel of it biting into her arm.

It was all I could do to keep my concentration until my lunch break...

I was eating in the store's restaurant when Calli walked in. I watched her make her way to the order line and saw her pay for her salad. She veered toward me, and the food I was chewing got stuck in my throat.

Calli put her tray on my table and took the stool across from me. I opened my mouth to say something brilliant like "Hi," but it snapped shut again when she dropped a wound-up bit of twine in the center of the table.

"Um..." I had no idea what to say. *Um* would have to do.

"I saw you," she said, stabbing a forkful of lettuce.

"Saw me *what*?" But I had a feeling I knew what she was going to say. I couldn't tell if I wanted her to say it out loud or not.

"Saw you watching when I was winding that shit up my arm for that poor sweaty lady. You looked...interested."

I played with the straw in my drink and watched her. Instead of opening my



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mouth and saying something stupid, I was going to shut up and listen to what she said.

She grinned at me and took her time chewing. “Your cock got hard.”

I cleared my throat. How had she noticed that? I’d walked away almost immediately—or so I’d thought.

“I’m observant,” Calli said, answering my unspoken question. Her knee was suddenly pressed against mine beneath the table. She’d leaned in close, and now her knee wasn’t the only thing touching me. Her hand was snaking up my thigh. The tables in the restaurant are small. What they’d advertise down in the furniture section as “intimate.”

“I guess you are,” I said. I pushed my plate away, entirely done with my meal.

“And I thought maybe, if that scene did it for you, we could meet after our shift is done.” Her fingers skated across my zipper. My cock was already hard; she didn’t have to provoke anything there. Not at all. Her urgent touch outlined the shape of my cock with just enough pressure to steal my breath.

“Ten?” We were both closing.

“Yep.”

“Where?”

“THE HOT, WET VELVET OF HER MOUTH CLOSED IN AROUND ME.”

She grinned at me, and then took a sip of her soda. Her lips slid along the straw for a beat too long, then traveled down its length a bit too far. I took a deep breath because coming in my fucking pants wasn’t on my agenda for the day.

“Where do you think? Out by the twine, of course. We’ll need it.” She stood abruptly, gathered her tray and her drink, and said, “Gotta go. I’m already five minutes late.”

Then she sauntered away, long, dark ponytail swaying with every step and her heart-shaped ass doing its best to keep time with it. I focused on breathing and

getting my cock to deflate so I could get up and get on with my day. I glanced at my watch and saw I only had about four hours until I was supposed to meet her. The store closed at nine. Everyone was out the door by ten. That’s how management liked it.

I detoured quickly to the employee restroom—fortunately a single-person space—and rubbed one out before going back to work. It didn’t take long. Thinking about her body wound up with twine, her round ass, those flashing blue eyes, the bouncing ponytail, her hand running along my cock through my pants. I shot my load with a stifled groan, cleaned myself up, and hurried out to my station. Post-break, I had been assigned to stock the plant area.

When the time came to meet Calli, I waited as long as I could to exit. I was the next to last person out of the store. I spotted her easily despite the fact that she was tucked back in the shadows. Her black hoodie made her pale skin look luminescent. Cigarette smoke created a haze around her. No one paid attention but me. They were all just fucking thrilled the workday was done.

I made a beeline for her, wondering what she had planned. Obviously, above the stations for twine and the spots where people could pull up their vehicles, there were heavy-duty lights. We’d be on display if she planned on fucking there.

Fucking. The word truly hit the part of my brain that comprehended it as we made eye contact. My cock jerked as if it had an invisible string attached to it and Calli was jerking it. I took a deep breath and closed the distance between us.

She stepped out of the shadows and dropped her cigarette. We were at the end of the shuffling, tired crowd. A girl whose name I could never remember called out and asked us if we wanted to come drinking. Calli waved her on. “Got something going on. Maybe another night.”

As she said the words she stuck her

hand down in the back of my jeans. Her fingers tickled my skin, and I jumped. Then Calli laughed.

Cars started to pull out of the lot, and she tugged me back into the shadows that hugged the building. Our lips met and then her tongue, warm and tasting of cigarettes, snaked through to touch mine. She pressed her body against me, and there was no doubt at all that she could feel my raging hard-on. Her fingers skimmed my erection at first, then gripped it. She slipped along its outline and ran over the tip through my jeans.

My breath caught in my throat, and I made a sound that was pure desperation.

"Go get your twine, big man"

"How much?" I looked down into her eyes.

"How much do you need?"

"We're basically onstage out here. You didn't have it in mind to—"

"We'll be fine," she said. "Not out here. Just go get the twine. You've been thinking about it all night, haven't you?" She took my hand and pulled it to her jeans, so that I was cupping her pussy. I could hold her whole sex in my hand. She arched forward and my fingers curled reflexively.

What would that feel like without her clothes in the way? Heaven. Pure fucking heaven.

She pulled a shiny silver key from her pocket and kissed my nose. "Hurry."

I went to the box and began to wind as much of the twine around my palm as I could. When I couldn't feel my fingers anymore, I figured I might have enough. I found her by the cart return; she'd unlocked the door. The opening was just tall enough to fit the carts. She jerked her head toward the doorway.

"Won't the alarm sound?"

"Nope. It's not working in this area. Which is why I did this..."

I approached and took her hand when she stuck it out behind her to lead me inside. The carts were all rolled forward as far as they could be in the room, and



she'd managed to get one of the store's most famous chairs set right inside the doorway. It was a bentwood frame, bare-bones design; everyone either had one or wanted one.

"I thought we could use a little support," she said.

As I watched, she turned and removed her hoodie. Next, her work shirt and then her bra. She dropped them one by one into a pile. I moved to take off my own clothes, but she stopped me.

She dropped to her knees and unbuckled my belt. She tossed it aside and unfastened the fly of my jeans, tugging so all the buttons popped in a row. She pulled my cock free and slid her mouth down my shaft before I could say a word. I bucked my hips and shut my eyes. The hot, wet velvet of her mouth closed in around me, and I gritted my teeth to keep my focus.

I made fists with my hands and then

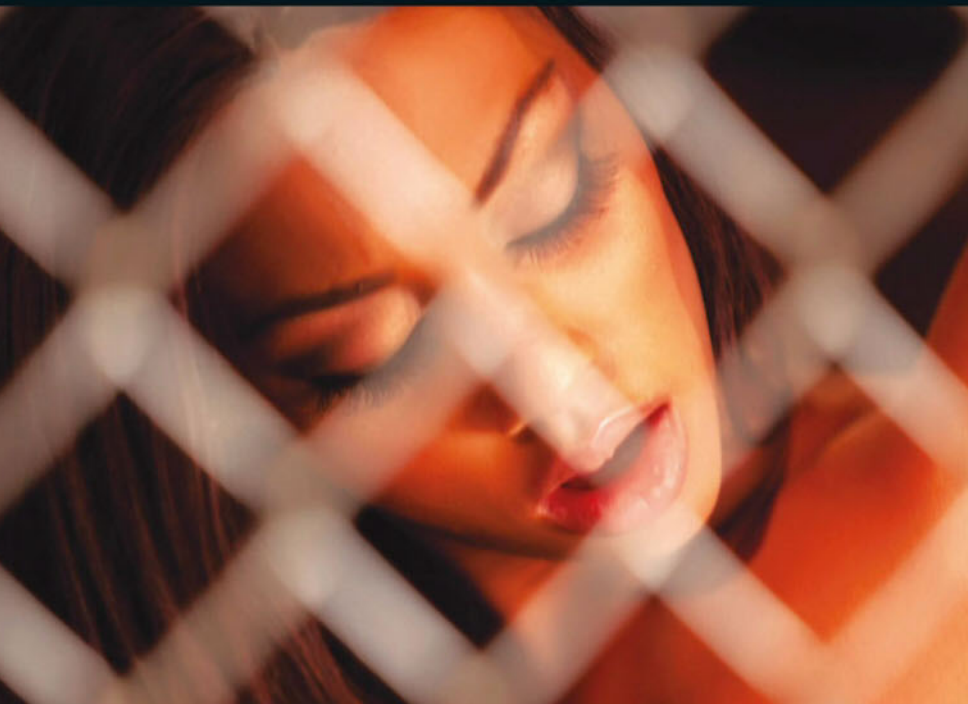
figured, *Fuck it*. I grabbed her head and fucked her mouth. I tugged her hair and slid as deep as I wanted. I heard her breathe through her nose in an attempt not to gag.

"Tie me up," she said between sucking. "Fuck me. Tie me up and fuck me. Tie me up and fuck me..." It became a mantra chanted before she drove her mouth down my cock over and over again. Her fingers tickled my balls. Her tongue was a wet, welcoming tease.

I grabbed her hair on top, bunching it and knowing my firm grip had to hurt her some. She hissed, and my cock jerked in her mouth. I gripped her hair a little harder, and she moaned. I thrust my hips forward and watched her eyes slam shut as she tried to keep up with my actions.

I pulled free of her when I felt like I was going to blow. I didn't want to come. Not yet. Not like this. Not when I had a whole fist full of twine and a woman who

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wanted me to tie her to an overpriced chair and fuck her.

"Up," I said, putting out my twine-free hand to assist her. My nervous nature from our earlier flirtation was gone. Now I was in my element. Now I was focused on what I wanted. And what I wanted was her, tied up, and willing to take my cock however I wanted to give it.

"Aren't there cameras in here?" I asked conversationally as I helped her stand.

Calli wiped the edges of her mouth with her fingers. "They're linked to the alarm. When the alarm is out, the cameras are on the fritz. And vice versa."

"Good," I growled and marched her to the chair. "Lose the jeans—and sit."

She stripped off the rest of her clothing and dropped her naked body in the seat like a stone, her eyes growing bigger and a small "O" of surprise on her plush lips. I think she was expecting more stammering and worry and anxiety. Not now, though. Not at this point.

I stepped back and looked at her, deciding how I wanted to bind her. "Hmm," I said, and I heard her take a sharp breath. When she tilted her body back, her thighs fell apart and I could

**"I KNELT AND
PUSHED MY
FINGERS BACK
INSIDE HER CUNT.
SHE WAS
DRENCHED."**

see her wetness. That sight decided the matter for me.

I knelt in front of the chair and found the angle perfect. I was tall enough, the chair was low enough, and she was flexible enough. I smiled at Calli and she smiled back, but she still looked slightly stunned.

I kissed her on the nose and then on the lips. When her lips parted for me, I cupped the back of her head and kissed her harder. When she made a desperate little sound, I tangled my fingers in her long dark hair again and tugged until she gasped. When I broke the kiss, all I got

was a breathy, urgent, "Please."

"Put your hands on the arms of the chair," I growled in her ear.

She did as I ordered, and I wound some of the twine around one arm, binding it to the pale wood. I used my utility knife to sever the twine and repeated the whole thing on the other side. Her hips kept rocking up in little waves, like her body was pleading with me to fuck her. I didn't think she knew she was doing it. She seemed completely unaware, and that knowledge made my cock hard enough to pound nails.

I didn't even make the next request, I simply moved her. I pushed her heel up on the very edge of the chair's cushion and then wound more twine around the wood arm and her slender ankle. I smiled at her and pushed her other foot up in the same position. When I was done, I took a deep breath. Nerves or no, I have a calibrated eye. I had managed to get exactly the right amount of twine for the job.

I sat back on my haunches and looked at her. Her breath was fast and shallow. Her arms were bound to the chair arms. Her ankles were fastened to where the chair arms met the seat. Her body was spread open for me, all pink and glossy.

I stroked my cock.

She raised her hips again, causing her pussy to flex enticingly. Her slick sex beckoned me. I pushed a finger into her, and she sighed. I added a second, curling them both against her G-spot. In this position it was easy to reach and as palpable as a suede marble in her wet depths. I brushed it with my fingertips until she was panting. Then I pulled my fingers free, stood quickly, and stepped closer. She leaned forward in an attempt to get my cock. She barely reached it, so I grabbed the headrest and tilted the chair toward me.

Her mouth closed around my dick, and I rocked my hips as I moved the chair. The furniture barely weighed a thing, and Calli weighed even less. She mewled around my thrusting dick and her tongue

made laps and loops along my shaft as I fucked her mouth. I could smell her shampoo, coconut and fruit. I could hear her wet ministrations on my cock. Every time she sucked, I had to grit my teeth to hold on.

When I wanted her to stop, I didn't talk. I simply let go of the chair. It only dropped about four inches, but the movement startled her and she let out a little cry. Her eyes were wide, her lips puffy from sucking my dick.

I knelt and pushed my fingers back inside her cunt. She was drenched. I'd thought she was wet before, but now her pussy was flowing like a river. I drove my fingers deeper and bent to lick her clit. It was rigid and flushed, and she hissed when I sucked it.

I curled my fingers inside her and licked her again, painting patterns and whorls. Drawing "C" for Galli and "F" for fucking—and the ever popular "M" because it hit all the good spots. She tried to move to meet me, but bound like she was all she could do was tremble and buck. I sucked harder, driving my fingers deep and nudging her G-spot repeatedly. When she came, I kept going, though she begged me to ease up.

"Shh, it'll pass," I said. "Then it will get even better." She was sensitive, beyond sensitive, so I lessened my pressure but kept licking.

I felt her relax, and it only took a few sucks and swipes and thrusts with my fingers for her to come again, flooding my mouth with her juices. Her cries rocketed off the concrete floors and walls of the cart room.

I moved up to drag my cock along her soaking slit. She arched her body as much as she could. I watched the twine bite into her ankles from the movement. Her skin blanched white around my handiwork. Her wrists did the same, and my cock pulsed with excitement.

"Please, please," she whispered. Her face was etched with need.

"Please what?"

"Please fuck me," she said. "Please..."

I drove into her, holding the chair arm right above where one of her ankles was tied. I fucked her fast and hard, and the chair didn't make a single sound. No wonder it's such a good seller. It simply rocked and bobbed along with our motion. When she came around me, her pussy rippled so ferociously I thought I'd shatter my teeth from clenching them.

I found her clit with my thumb and rubbed. "One more," I said. "I want one more from you."

She tossed her head. "I can't," she insisted.

"You can. I can feel it." I held the chair tight with one hand, rubbed her clit with the fingers of the other, and thrust my cock into her as intensely as I could. The chair wanted to slide away from me, but I held it tight.

She gasped. I didn't rub her faster. I rubbed her slower and timed my thrusts

accordingly. And when she whimpered, I sped up. She climaxed with a loud cry that shocked my ears. I grabbed the chair's other arm and used the leverage to jam myself inside her and finally let myself go. I emptied my load into her with a bellow that made my ears ring.

"Kiss me," she said. "Kiss me. Hurry. Because I have to go."

I looked up, surprised. "You have to go?"

She grinned. "Yeah, my boyfriend is picking me up. I told him I had to work late."

"Boyfriend?" I began to free her wrists.

"Yeah, he's not into the tying-me-up thing, but I'm very into it." She grabbed me once her right hand was free and drew me in for a kiss. "Maybe we can work late again sometime soon?"

I laughed. "I'm always game for some overtime with a kinky coworker."

-M.D., Tucson, Arizona















“I LOVE WHEN A MAN SHOOTS HIS
CREAM ALL OVER MY TOES!”

—SIERRA



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SPOTLIGHT ON

TRUE CONFESSIONS

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE

A lust-starved lady ends her dry spell through the generosity of her former flames.

By Quinn O'Halloran

What I really needed was a clit-licking man. Or a stable of them, preferably. I had decided that after six months of no sex. The penetration, the fucking—all that I could live without. What I really missed—ached for, actually—was oral. I wanted someone who would lick my clit until I begged him to stop.

I ran through the list of men available to me for such a job. There were only a few. Just a few men I'd trust. I'd either flirted with or dated them briefly, but ultimately none of them had seemed suitable for a long-term relationship at the time. But they were nice enough, cute enough, and friendly enough for what I needed now. Besides, I was desperate and didn't want to go looking for strangers.

I started with Dan. He had asked me to a 70s party a few months back. I'd actually gone because I'd been curious. Plus, it gave me a reason to go to the thrift store and look for terrible clothing. When he arrived for our date, I was decked out in huge bell bottoms with two-tone cuffs, a bohemian blouse, and wedged heels. My hair was twisted up and held back with a leather clip.

Dan had done a double take, and it was not lost on me that he grew a rather prominent erection rather fast. I ignored it, though, not sold on Dan-the-man for anything but a casual date at the time. We had fun—danced, drank, and laughed—but he never took his eyes off my pants. And that stuck in my mind.

I had a plan for Dan's pants fetish because when I shut my eyes I could remember him licking his lips every time he glanced at my jeans.

I dialed him quickly, not wanting to risk a text. I proceeded to tell him I had

a proposition and invited him over that night. I suggested we split a bottle of wine and maybe get a pizza.

Dan was clearly still single because his immediate response was a hasty yes. I went on with the rest of my day, trying not to worry too much about how I would actually broach the subject of my desires once I saw him. I decided I'd go with how I'd been raised—honesty is the best policy, and all that jazz.

When I got home from work, I opened the wine to let it breathe and took a

**“HE SHOVED HIS
FINGERS INSIDE
MY CUNT, AND
WHEN I CAME,
HE TREMBLED.”**

quick shower. I made sure my pussy was shaved as smooth as glass and then found the jeans that had held Dan's attention captive. I put them on, along with a short, sleeveless print top and some cork wedges. I let my hair dry naturally so it fell in waves. No makeup. Best to be all innocent and fresh.

When the doorbell rang I hurried to answer. I opened the door to a smiling Dan, but the smile went from pleasant to shocked and aroused in an instant. “Wow. You're in—”

“I am,” I said, waving my hand to let him in. “And I wanted to talk to you about that.”

I got right to it once we were sipping wine. “I'm not in a relationship. I'm not getting laid. And I don't necessarily want to be, but, man...” I touched his arm and let my thighs spread. “I miss oral.”

And there it was. Him licking his lips again. My pussy went wet just watching the sweep of his tongue, because after six months of nothing, I was wondering what that tongue could do to me. What that tongue would feel like sliding across my rigid clit, pushing into my cunt, tracing my outer lips.

The sight stole my air, but I wasn't the only one having trouble breathing. Dan looked a little lightheaded himself. “And you want me to—”

I nodded before he could finish. “Actually, I would. And I noticed you kind of like these...” I ran my hands up and down the pale denim that covered my thighs so they made a whooshing sound.

“I do.” His voice trembled.

I slid my fingers into his dark brown hair and pulled him close. Right against his lips I said, “So let me cut the crotch out, and we can have the best of both worlds.”

He nodded and planted a kiss on me that had me reconsidering the whole no-fucking thing.

I hurried to the kitchen and found a good pair of small sewing shears. I took off the retro jeans and laid them out on the counter, carefully cutting the crotch without destroying the zipper. I turned to find him watching me, my bare ass pointed toward him as I worked. He was already jacking his cock, and his breathing was shallow.

I put the bell bottoms back on and said, “Well?”

Dan knelt before me and studied my crotch. His finger traced the cuts



I'd made, and his breath was hot on my pussy. I found myself struggling to breathe because I'd been chaste for too terribly long and I didn't think I could wait another second. But I managed by forming my hands into fists.

"I think you did a good job," he said. And then his tongue was sweeping over my clit and my knees dipped. "Really well," he said. This time he painted an indecipherable swirling pattern.

I put my hands behind me on the counter to steady myself and arched my body toward his mouth. Dan did not disappoint. He kept me off balance constantly. A steady sweeping up and down, up and down, suddenly turned into a chaotic side to side. When I'd settled into that, he sucked my clit so hard I saw stars, but then soothed it with a gentle tongue to the point that I wanted to weep. He shoved his fingers inside my cunt and curled them, and when I came, he trembled there on his knees.

His mouth kept going, though I tried to push him away when I became too

sensitive. He kept eating me—gentle, rough, gentle, rough—all the while jerking his cock. I could hear the hurried sound of his fist working his dick as he rushed closer to orgasm.

I raised my hips, shoving my pussy against his willing mouth, feeling the bite of his teeth against my mons and relishing it. He grunted, and excitement leapt through me. I did it again, bucking toward his teeth, and when I came this time, he climaxed with me. His cream painted the wide cuffs of my jeans like modern art.

I leaned down and kissed him. "Thank you."

He looked up and said, "Don't get rid of those pants."

I shook my head, laughing. "I won't. I'll wash them and save them for another day."

After Dan left, I did put the jeans in the wash, and then scrolled through my phone for another candidate. I was still feeling the steady pounding of my heart in my cunt from Dan's talented tongue

as I considered my next partner. I'd had a taste, so to speak, and I wanted more. A different flavor perhaps.

I chose Jared. Jared was a pretty, thin, blond boy with ethereal blue eyes. We'd gone for coffee together, but given I like men who are a bit rougher in the sack, his gentle soul hadn't sparked any urgent carnal needs in me. However, as far as kneeling at my feet and eating me, I thought he'd be spectacular.

I texted him because he's an introvert with a capital "I."

"Can we meet? I'd like to talk about something I think you'd be good at. Let me know. XO"

Jared's reply came in under two minutes, making me smile: "Of course. When?"

I asked if he could meet me the following day after work, and when he agreed, I said good-night, rolled over, and promptly drifted off. I slept like the dead. It's amazing what a few orgasms can do for your stress levels.

The next day I worked with vigor, trying

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to get as much done as I could before going home, so I wasn't thinking about work that evening instead of Jared's pale pink tongue and his feminine mouth.

I hurried home, showered, and put on some black leggings and a soft old tunic. My feet were bare as I dug through the fridge to see what kind of microbrews I had. Dan's a wine guy; Jared's a brew dude. Easy enough to deal with.

As the bell rang, I found a wheat beer and a cold mug.

"Hey, there, handsome," I said upon opening the door.

"I was surprised to hear from you," he replied, looking very happy that he had.

I had him sit on the sofa, curled my feet under me, played with a lock of my hair, and laid the whole thing out for him. Part of the reason I'd called Jared was he was a fucking hell of a kisser. I wanted to know what else he could do with that tongue.

I leaned over, but before I could plant one on him, he grabbed the back of my head and pulled me in for a deep kiss. He startled the breath out of me. *Note to*

self: Jared may not be as passive in the bedroom as you think. But that was a thought for another day.

"Lay down," he said.

I obeyed, my heart pounding because I'd expected to be the one giving the orders.

"Hips up."

My hips shot up like they were on a string that he'd jerked.

He peeled my leggings down and tossed them aside. Then he spread my thighs as wide as they would go. He put his hands on my inner thighs and held them down. My pussy let loose a rush of moisture at how commanding he was.

He lowered his head, his pale blond hair falling down over his eyes as he did so. His mouth came down on me like a hot, wet blanket, sealing over my clit and my labia. The moisture and the pressure were amazing. When I moved involuntarily at the sensation, his strong hands stopped me and kept me still.

That alone had me on the verge of coming.

He nudged my clit with the stiff tip

of his tongue and I tried my best to meet him, but I was unable to move. He worked his tongue hard against my clit, and at first, the sensation seemed like it would be unbearable. Then he sucked my button three times, very gently, and returned to using a rigid tongue. That tiny break was what my body needed, and when he resumed the rougher pressure, I came so hard I made no sound.

I pushed my fingers in his hair and held him tight. Jared grunted, shoved his hands under my ass, and angled me upward. When I was positioned to his liking, he drove his tongue into my drenched slit and fucked me with it. I held his hair and pulled it as I gasped for air and moved up to meet his mouth. Then his tongue returned to my engorged clitoris, and he flicked it over and over again until I was coming.

He looked up at me with those big blue eyes and then got up to straddle my waist. He pulled his cock out and started to thrust into his own tight fist. I broke my own rule and reached down to cup his balls. I gave him just enough pressure and just enough strokes, and when I moaned because he was grinding himself lightly against my body, he reached his peak. His hot wet semen shot out in thick ropes, coating my belly and breasts.

Then he cocked an eyebrow and smiled. "I was really surprised to hear from you, but just so you know, you can call me any damn time."

I laughed. "I'll keep that in mind."

I made myself take two days off.

Partially because I didn't want to burn out my poor pussy, and partly because I needed to exercise some kind of control. Or did I?

Come Friday, I was ready to come again, and I'd decided the only other guy I wanted to proposition for this was Michael. Michael was a sweet guy, about six-foot-five, and very touchy-feely. We'd only gone out a few times, but when we did he'd always had a hand on me, always touching me in some respect.



Again, with him there had been nothing wrong, just no lightning bolt of intense attraction. He was good-looking, kind, and affectionate. A big fat win all the way around.

Rather than call, I showed up where he worked. He was a mechanic at the place that sometimes did my oil changes, and I would occasionally see him in the open bay when I drove past. I swung in at the end of the day, knowing he'd be getting off soon.

He saw my car and sauntered out to it, wiping his hands on a shop rag. "Hey, there."

"Hey. I wanted to talk to you about something," I said, leaning out the window to expose a bit more of my cleavage in my low-cut dress.

"Sure thing."

"Meet me for a drink when you get off? Angelo's?"

He nodded and looked at his phone. "That'd be in about an hour. Does that work for you?"

That gave me enough time to run home, take a quick shower, get dressed, and be at the bar. "Sure does." I traced a finger down the hand he was leaning against my door. "Thanks, Michael."

I drove off with a wave. Would he agree? The other two had been surprisingly into it. Something told me Michael would be, too.

I showered, braided my hair the way I remembered he liked, and put on a long, striped skirt and a blouse. Silver sandals completed my outfit. I swiped on the bare minimum of makeup because Michael had always commented that I was too pretty to need it.

I sat on the edge of the bed and shut my eyes. Remembering the first two. Remembering Dan's relentlessness and how Jared's attitude had surprised me. I thought about what it felt like to have a hot, willing mouth on my pussy again. How unique every man, every mouth, every tongue, every technique was. The differences were intoxicating.



"WHEN I WAS POSITIONED TO HIS LIKING, HE DROVE HIS TONGUE INTO MY DRENCHED SLIT."

I opened my eyes and found that I'd pushed my hand beneath my skirt. I hadn't put panties on since the skirt reached my ankles. My fingers found my clit easily, and I swirled my fingertips over it. I was already wet, just from remembering, thinking, and anticipating.

I pushed two fingers inside my cunt and raised my hips. I found my G-spot and brushed it; a rush of pleasure flooded me. I eyed the alarm clock. I had time to come. After all, wasn't there always time to come?

I couldn't help laughing at the sentiment even as I climaxed, my pussy rippling around my fingers—tight and wet and eager.

By the time I caught my breath, I was cutting it close. Our appointed time was

near. I hurried to my SUV after washing my hands and brushing my teeth. I pulled into Angelo's tiny parking lot right on time. I saw Michael's big black pickup parked by the back of the lot and smiled.

Inside, I found Michael at one of the small bar tables. Angelo's niece had taken over about six months before as manager. She'd decided the bar wasn't classy enough and had ordered ridiculously long linens for the intimate table settings. When people started to get tangled in them, she ordered the staff to fringe the edges so they still hung almost to the floor but afforded more mobility for the patrons.

Michael waved at me from our table, and I saw he already had a Shiraz waiting for me. I slipped into my seat and gave him a peck on the cheek before taking two big swigs. "I wanted to ask you about something..."

He watched me with big brown eyes the whole time I talked. There was heat in my cheeks, I could feel it, but I wasn't really embarrassed. Just sort of excited. When his hand found my thigh beneath the table, that excitement blossomed into full-blown arousal. My breath caught, but I finished what I had to say.

"So, you'd like me to go down on you?"

I nodded.

"And no fucking?"

"Not at the moment. It's possible that if

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we establish a relationship where things get more inten—

“It’s fine if it’s no. I was only clarifying.”

“No fucking. But I’m working on a short list of candidates for the future,” I said.

He gave me a nod, and then moved as if to stand. My heart sank. Oh well, two out of three wasn’t so bad.

Instead of standing, though, he dropped. He was tall, so even on his knees he was clearly visible head and shoulders above the tabletop—until he

bent himself and disappeared beneath the bar table and its insanely lengthy tablecloth.

I clapped a hand over my mouth because the whole thing was so ludicrous and yet as hot as hell. I held in my laughter with a lot of effort—until he’d pushed my skirt up and forced my thighs apart beneath the table.

He fell on me hungrily, his force and urgency surpassing the other two men by miles. This time when I clapped a hand over my mouth, it wasn’t to stifle a laugh; it was to silence a moan. I tried to raise my hips, but he pushed his rough hands—working-man hands—down on the tops of my thighs to stop me. He held me there, locked in my seat, as he lapped at my pussy eagerly.

The waitress arrived with two plates of appetizers I hadn’t even known he’d ordered. I gave her a strangled “thanks” as Michael continued dining on me beneath the table. She gave me an odd look and a half smile but kept moving. There were customers to serve and people to please.

I pushed a knuckle into my mouth as I struggled to look normal. The heat in my cheeks had turned into a fire. Michael slid three fingers into my drenched cunt, stretching me. He fucked me with them as his tongue continued its slick attack. He licked my clit with a persistent determination that had my mind swirling. He kept his tempo steady until the moment I was right on the edge and my pussy would clench around his fingers. Then he’d alter it.

After a few minutes of that back and forth, I was clutching the edge of the table and trying not to cry out. Everyone around me was going about their business, but I felt very conspicuous with my short breath, hot cheeks, and seat-wiggling.

My legs were jerking of their own accord, moving with the intensity of my pleasure as I was suspended between ecstasy and release. He finally took pity on me and drove his fingers deep, curling them, and licking my clit in a rapid-fire rhythm that brought me down fast and hard.

I hung my head, stifling my cries of bliss with nothing more than sheer willpower and a napkin pressed to my face. My orgasm made bright yellow lights flash in the darkness behind my closed lids.

Michael kept his fingers in me until the spasms passed, and then the fringed edges of the linens rippled before a very tall, very amused man emerged. He sat back in his chair, pulled a plate of wings toward him, took a swig of beer, and smiled at me. “I’m starving. For food that is.”

A crazy little laugh escaped me, and I managed to pick up my wineglass without dropping it.

“I hope that puts me at the top of your short list,” he said, giving me a wink.

I let out a shuddery breath even as little echoes of my orgasm shook me below the waist. “I think it’s safe to say that you are at the very top of a very short list.”

**“HE FELL ON ME
HUNGRILY, HIS
FORCE AND
URGENCY
SURPASSING THE
OTHER TWO MEN.”**



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LETTERS

▾ SERENDIPITY

■ DOUBLE DOWN

I could not believe it was her. The burgeoning filmmaker in me rebelled at the fantastical, unlikely coincidence. I had last seen this mesmerizing woman 11 months ago and about 2,000 miles from here.

David introduced us. She was his date for this evening of socializing and—hopefully—deal-making. David, a film executive, had invited me up to his big house in the hills. I'd been told to bring a date of my own, and I had. Her name was Sandra. But she was suddenly the last thing on my mind as I beheld this other woman who had haunted me for nearly a year.

"Kyle," David said, "this is Jackie."

I remembered her name, of course. I remembered every line of her delicate face, every curve of her body. As she stepped forward to offer her hand, I recalled vividly her easy, elegant movements and grace.

"Uh...hi," I said shakily, hoping no one noticed.

"It's a pleasure," she said, her voice all husky silkiness.

Did she remember me? I couldn't tell. We had met while I was still in school, finishing up my film degree. We'd been on a double date together. She was with a friend of mine when we all went to a lecture. I couldn't keep my eyes off her the whole night—which rankled the woman I was with, of course. But I was helpless. Jackie was beautiful, and something about her had lit up all my senses.

Eventually, my friend had parted ways with her but wouldn't give me her number, telling me not to bother because she was a cold fish. I never tracked her down on my own; I wouldn't have known where to look.

Now, incredibly, she was here—in L.A. at this important exec's house. I knew she'd been studying film, too, but if somebody had handed me a screenplay where a chance reunion like this

occurred, I would've demanded a rewrite. Stuff like this didn't happen.

This was a very important night for me. I had schmoozed all the right people, and now I had a chance to seriously pitch myself to this big shot. But Jackie, so lovely and enticing, was a massive distraction.

Even so, I got through drinks with David. He could give me my first serious break in this business. He was feeling me out; I was acutely aware of that fact.

"You like the house?" he asked.

"It's incredible."

"You want one like it?"

"Sure," I said. "But if I'm allowed to make movies, I'll gladly live in a hut."

He liked that. "Go have a look at the grounds. I need to make a couple calls."

Sandra didn't want to come, so I wandered outside on my own. The landscaping was exquisite, with paths and groves. The night was L.A. warm, and everything tingled with possibilities.

"Kyle?" I heard footsteps.

I spun around. Jackie stepped into the moonlight, and a thrill went through me. "You remember me?" I asked.

She smiled. "Of course. School. That lecture. I wanted so badly to see you after...but I was too shy." She told me how she'd come to Los Angeles to pursue her own film career. "I know David's family. We're not really dating. I didn't want to say anything earlier in case it messed up any deal you had going with him."

"That's very considerate." I moved closer to her. She wore a shimmering black dress, cut low. We stood on grass, beneath a palm tree. "I..." I started to say, then lost myself in her beauty.

She finished my thought. "I want you." With that she stepped up and pressed her mouth softly against mine. The kiss was a sweet, sensual contact, and it sparked all my senses. My desire for this woman was strong, but she'd been so long in my thoughts I was suddenly frozen.

Jackie cut to the chase, like in a fast-



paced action movie. Her hand closed over my crotch and squeezed. My stirring cock surged to full hardness. So much for her being shy!

I pulled her tight to me and jammed my tongue into her mouth. Her body was taut and lithe against mine. I groped her tits, and then tugged the dress off her shoulders. The garment spilled down her body, revealing silky underwear and her beautiful curves. She undid my shirt buttons and fly.

Before I could get completely out of my clothes, she dropped to her knees. She grasped my straining cock around the base and swirled her tongue over my sensitive cockhead. My whole body jumped with electric pleasure. Her dark-haired head moved rapidly. Her mouth plunged down upon my shaft. I watched, transfixed, as my inches disappeared between her encircling lips.

The intensive pleasure kicked my heart into overdrive. I shivered and bit down a moan, not sure how well sound carried and not wanting to alert David—or Sandra—as to what we were doing. Despite Jackie's assurance that they were just friends, I didn't want David finding me out on his lawn face-fucking his date.

I thrust helplessly into her talented mouth. She deep-throated me every time, swallowing my throbbing cockhead. My balls smacked against her chin. I wound my fingers into her rich dark hair as the moonlit sky spun above us.

When she pulled off, I staggered back. She stood and flung away her underthings, standing naked on the grass. I stripped off the rest of my clothing. She gleamed, her skin flawless, her breasts high and firm. I went to her and knelt. She grinned and dropped a taut thigh over my shoulder. I cupped her succulent ass, helping her keep her balance as she shoved her slick pussy against my mouth.

She tasted like ambrosia. She tasted like the stars. I felt a twinge of shame



“SHE DEEP- THROATED ME EVERY TIME, SWALLOWING MY THROBBING COCKHEAD.”

over how completely I had imagined getting my tongue up into this woman who I had only met once before, briefly. But she, amazingly enough, had been just as obsessed with me. Serendipity could be crazy.

I licked her drizzling cleft, greedily lapping up her excitement. Her clitoris pulsed against my eager tongue. She ground herself down onto my open mouth. Her fingers seized my hair at the roots. She started humping hard at me. I clutched that luscious ass and let her fuck my face.

When she came, her body twanged like a bowstring when the arrow's been released. She flooded my mouth with her moisture. The fluid ran down my chin and dribbled onto my chest. She unhooked her leg from my shoulder.

I grinned, with the taste of her filling my senses. My cock twitched. Her eyes blazed. She turned, and for one moment I thought she was going to bound away like a gazelle, forcing me to chase her

naked across the mansion's landscaped grounds.

Instead, she got down on all fours on the grass. The palm tree threw moon shadows across her perfect, arched back. She turned her dark-haired head. “Take me, Kyle. Take me hard!” she pleaded.

My need was turning me inside out. I went to the beautiful, impossible woman and knelt behind her. Moonlight shone on her glistening pussy. I caressed the firm globes of her ass as I slotted my cock into her waiting hole.

Her pussy grasped me in its silken embrace. I slid deep into her, feeling her wriggling response. She, too, bit down a groan of pleasure. She rocked backward on her knees, taking every last centimeter of me, grinding back on my cock and deliberately impaling herself.

I started thrusting into her as a soft breeze stirred the grass around us. The palm fronds shivered overhead, and Jackie's body undulated sensuously. We were in perfect synch. I went balls-deep into her with every lunge, my sac slapping her glorious backside.

It felt as if some strange chemical truth between us were being realized. Somehow she had imprinted herself on me all those months ago. My body and heart wanted this person. I knew if we hadn't met again, I never would have gotten her out of my mind without this, no matter who else I met or what happened in my life. I was, simply, meant to fuck this woman.

Fuck her I did. Hard, like she wanted. I slammed into her. I tightened my grip

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around her hips and pounded her with my steel-hard cock. She was trembling on her knees, but I kept up the fierce, plundering tempo.

One of her hands slipped out from under her, and she dropped to one side. Looking back, she panted, "I want to see your face when you come inside me."

I was happy to accommodate her. I pulled out. She rearranged herself on her back, lifting her legs and inviting me back in. I hunkered between her firm thighs and speared her anew with my cock. Her body lifted. Her legs cinched around my waist. I watched her face as it shuffled through its stages of ecstasy.

She caught her lower lip with her white teeth. She flung her head from side to side, spilling her dark hair on the grass. Her nostrils flared like a beast. I hammered into her, driving home with every thrust—and it really felt like home. I'd had plenty of pussy in my life, but this was the body and soul that most excited me.

Her eyes sprang suddenly wide. A look of crisis came to her features. They say people make ridiculous faces when they come. Not Jackie. Her look of rapture belonged to the angels. I admired the

"I WENT BALLS-DEEP WITH EVERY LUNGE, MY SAC SLAPPING HER GLORIOUS BACKSIDE."

bold beautiful expression as her climax rose up through her, quaking every part of her as she squirmed underneath me. Her fingers bit into my shoulders, and her legs squeezed my waist mightily.

Words spilled out of her mouth: "I just keep coming! It's not stopping!"

Wonder of wonders. The jackpot. Multiple orgasms. I maintained my thrusts and beheld with amazement the glory of continuous bliss. She was as wired to me, it seemed, as I was to her. The moment was almost beyond belief. It was something else that if I saw it in a script I would have to voice my doubts.

But here it was, in reality.

But after another minute I couldn't hold back. My balls clenched, and I started erupting. My come jetted into her, and the hot splash of it set off another string of sexual fireworks for her. Unbelievable pleasure washed over me. The moon tumbled across the sky, and I felt an ultimate fulfillment.

We dressed and went back inside. David was finishing up a phone call. Sandra had gotten another drink and was admiring some art on the wall. David smiled, shook my hand, and told me he had a job for me. He wanted both me and Jackie to work as assistant directors on a film he was developing.

"Think you two can work together?" he asked us.

I love a Hollywood ending.

—K.S., Los Angeles, California

■ SNOWED IN

It was my last night in the little cabin I'd rented in the woods. Weather reports warned that a big storm was coming, but it wasn't due to arrive until after I was scheduled to leave in the morning. When a light flurry began I wasn't worried; it was the banging on my door that scared the crap out of me!

I opened the door a crack, peeking out to meet the most handsome pair of green eyes I'd ever seen. It was Drew, the cabin's owner, who was much younger and hotter than I'd expected. I couldn't focus on a damn thing he said as he came inside, peeled off his coat, and rolled up the sleeves of his sweatshirt, gifting me with a view of perfectly sculpted forearms adorned with colorful tattoos. I wondered what it would feel like to grip those arms while he drove his cock into me, then shook my head to dislodge the sordid scene from my mind. He headed to the back of the cabin to start on a repair that needed his attention, and I resumed my packing.

We went about our work, completely oblivious to the fast-moving blizzard raging outside. When he returned to his truck, he discovered an impassable road and whiteout conditions. It quickly became apparent that I was going to have a sexy guest for the evening.

Before I could process the fact that I would be stranded in a storm with a good-looking stranger, the power went out. I used the light of my cellphone to illuminate the room and get another look at Drew. The man was built like a god. He had perfectly sculpted cheekbones, and his smile revealed a single dimple on his right side, which was barely visible under a seriously sexy five o'clock shadow.

Tingles danced along my skin as he took my hand in his. "This happens pretty often in the winter. Don't worry."

"Any idea where the candles are?"

"I'm on it." A couple of drawers opened and slammed shut, and then the kitchen was bathed in a warm glow. "The good news is the fireplace is gas, so we can run it all night without a problem."

My mouth went dry. All night. A thousand dirty ideas paraded through my mind. Desperate for a distraction, I grabbed two wineglasses from the cabinet, turning just in time to collide with Drew's solid form. Even through his sweatshirt I could feel hard muscles. My eyes flicked up to meet his as I awkwardly cradled the glasses between us.

Drew cleared his throat, looking as flustered as I felt. "Let me take those." His fingers brushed against mine, sending shockwaves through my body as he eased the glasses from my grip.

I popped the cork from a bottle of red and splashed a healthy serving into both of the glasses before taking mine and tipping it to take a gulp. That's when my trembling hand caused the wine to slosh down the front of my shirt.

"Shit!" I whipped the shirt off over my head, my single thought being to rush to

the sink and rinse out the booze before the stain set. I realized the ramifications of my action as soon as I heard Drew's gasp.

A blush scorched my skin as I turned to find Drew staring at me, his eyes wide as he took in the sight of my breasts, barely contained by my red satin bra.

"I could grab another shirt...or we could even the score and you can take off yours," I said playfully, diffusing one situation and igniting another.

He clearly did not expect that response. There was a temporary, awkward silence before Drew rose from the couch and pulled off his sweatshirt. I sucked in a breath as he unveiled washboard abs and well defined pecs. My fingers twitched as I wondered what his rock-hard body would feel like pressed against mine.

"Seems unfair that I'm completely topless and you get to wear a bra."

I cocked my eyebrow and reached around my back to unclasp the lingerie.

"I always play fair." I tossed the bra toward Drew, hitting him right in the chest. "I think I'm going to hop in the shower to clean off some of this wine."

As I headed toward the bathroom, I heard footsteps trailing behind me. Butterflies danced in my belly as a giggle escaped my lips.

Drew's hand wrapped around my wrist, and then he spun me and pressed me against the wall. He placed an arm on either side of my shoulders, caging me as he ran his gaze over my half-naked form.

Desire raced across my body like out-of-control flames. I licked my lips as I imagined dragging my tongue across his abs. Instead, I ran my fingertips along the edge of his jeans, enjoying the way his muscles tensed at my touch.

When his mouth finally took mine I groaned, reveling in his kisses. Drew's tongue tapped against my lips, asking for permission to enter. I sighed, opening myself up and letting him delve inside. My hands wandered across his body,



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marveling at the sinewy strength of his back before gliding down to palm his sculpted ass.

As he kissed a trail to my neck, magically finding that oh-my-God spot beneath my ear, my fingers honed in on the button of his jeans. One satisfying pop was all it took to make the worn denim hang off his hips.

I nibbled at his lower lip as I pushed his pants down his legs. He reminded me of those Italian marble statues in museums. Every muscle was exquisitely defined as though sculpted by a master.

Large hands palmed my breasts, massaging them until wetness soaked through my panties. Rough skin brushed across my soft flesh, sending sparks of arousal straight to my pussy. I moaned when he took a nipple between his teeth, my eyes shutting and my head tilting back as he rolled the other nub between his fingers.

But then just like that, all those sexy

sensations disappeared. I sagged against the wall, and my eyes flew open in search of Drew, finding him turning on the shower. "Let's play while the water heats up."

He beckoned me closer to the edge of the tub. "Get on your knees," he instructed. I sank onto the bathmat, glancing at him over my shoulder.

"Hands on the tub."

Leaning forward, I gripped the edge of the porcelain. Drew's strong hands grasped my hips, angling my ass upward and arching my back. "Spread your knees."

I slid my legs apart, and the cool air caressed my wet slit. Shivers wracked my body as his finger teased my folds. Up and down, up and down. It was a maddening rhythm that had me white-knuckling the tub. How could a touch so gentle make me ache with such need? When a fingertip circled my clit, I cried out with desperation, "More!"

"I thought you'd never ask."

The finger was replaced by his tongue. One flick had me mindless with ecstasy. He licked along my seam, nibbling and sucking the sensitive flesh. When his tongue trailed up to my asshole, I gasped. The move was so intimate—and so damn hot.

He nipped my ass cheek, and then soothed the ache with a kiss. His tongue circled my asshole, sending delicious shivers up and down my spine. No one had ever licked me there before, and I was shocked to find I loved it. I leaned into his touch, desperate to absorb every sensation.

When his tongue stopped circling, I cried out in protest. Then he licked his way down to my pussy and plunged his tongue inside. My head fell back, my body humming. Then a finger replaced his tongue, and my walls tightened around that source of pleasure. I heard rustling behind me, followed by the familiar rip of a foil packet.

Drew's rubber-wrapped cock pressed against my pussy. He swirled the tip around my entrance and awakened every nerve ending. I reared back against him, urging him inside, but he pulled away. Then he slid his dick along my split, skating over my clit. I held myself as still as I could, while Drew increased his tempo. His cock glided back and forth across my clit, making my ecstasy soar higher. I hovered on the edge of an orgasm, yet I ached to be fucked. I wanted to feel his dick inside me as I climaxed.

With one quick thrust, his cock was in deep. I spread my legs wider, rocking my hips back until my ass smacked against his pelvis, the fleshy sound igniting my lust. A groan rumbled through Drew as my spasming walls clutched and released his dick.

Drew's arm snaked around my waist. He rubbed my clit as he continued to drive into me. A jolt of pleasure surged through me, and I shook with bliss. His



**“HIS COCK GLIDED
BACK AND FORTH
ACROSS MY CLIT,
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ECSTASY SOAR
HIGHER.”**

other arm wrapped around my waist, holding me tight. Drew pulled me up until my back rested against his chest. His fingers found my nipple, pinching and rubbing. Little spikes of pleasure radiated from my breast to my clit. The hand at my pussy continued stoking the fire in my core. Every erotic zone of my body was being pushed to its limit, and I couldn't get enough.

Primal need overtook me, and I ground my hips against his. My muscles tensed violently when I reached my peak. The world went black as I tumbled over the edge. It was like diving into the deep end, then breaking through the surface to gasp for air.

My body sagged forward, but Drew didn't release me. He eased my arms onto the mat, caressing my back as he began thrusting into my quivering pussy once more. My lover grunted behind me, pumping furiously as he found his own release. He collapsed against me, bracing his weight with his hands so that he didn't crush me with his muscular body. Then he pressed the gentlest kiss against my back.

Eventually, I did get that hot shower... and a lot more orgasms. I'll never forget Drew's hands gliding across my skin as he carefully lathered every inch of my body.

I finally fell asleep at four in the morning, still drunk with lust as I drifted

off to dreamland. A huge smile stayed plastered on my face while Drew dozed quietly next to me. In a few hours the roads would be clear, and I would head back to reality—but I'll always remember my wild night in the woods.

—J.K., Denver Colorado

■ BY THE BOOK

A few weeks ago, I was at a book reading when I took notice of the guy sitting a few seats away from me in the small bookstore. He looked familiar, in that way that someone you've never met but have seen photos of looks familiar. I knew I'd seen him somewhere. I pulled out my phone and opened one of my social media apps to see if I could pinpoint him, and there he was, right at the top, with the most recent posting. He was an up-and-coming writer who I'd chatted with online a few times about books. He hadn't yet been published, which explained why no one was hounding him—something that always happens when the audience recognizes other writers among the crowd—but I'd read some of his magazine articles and I knew he was going to be big once his book came out.

I kept one eye on him as the reading started, and though I had most of my attention on the author who was speaking and the discussion he was leading—chiming in a few times myself—I

made sure to pay close attention to the newbie writer, too.

My best girlfriend always jokes that I'm a sapiosexual—attracted to brilliance and brains more than looks—and she's not far off. Though I'd only ever seen a two-inch headshot of the rising star before, I'd become attracted to him during the months I'd spent following him online because of how smart he seemed. Every time I saw him post about a book he'd read, I'd pick it up and read it myself, and I was always blown away. Every now and then, I'd respond to his posts, too, to recommend a book of my own choosing, or to ask his thoughts on a writer, and when he responded, I'd get hot under the collar. I once actually blushed, staring at my phone, because he'd complimented me on a point I'd made about a novel we'd both read, and his praise was practically enough to make me swoon.

Since my writer crush lived a few hundred miles away, I never expected to run into him, least of all so unexpectedly. I'd occasionally fantasized about what would happen if I showed up at an event in his city, or if we met at his book signing one day, but it was all just hypothetical because I never really thought we'd meet—or that I'd have a chance with him if we did. Still, now that I had him in my sights, I wasn't going to miss out on my opportunity.

When the reading ended, I saw him get in line to meet the author who was signing his books, and I quickly raced up to get behind him. There were about a



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dozen people ahead of us, and they were all taking time to chat with the author, so we had a while before we'd reach the front. I took my chance and tapped the writer on the shoulder and asked if he was who I thought he was.

He seemed surprised to be recognized, but when I told him we'd chatted online a few times, he studied me closely for a moment before asking if I was the girl with the goofy online handle who was always sending him reading recommendations. "You've introduced me to some really excellent books," he told me. "I don't normally read so many novels, but everything you've suggested has been great, so I always pick up whatever book you post about," he added.

I thought I was going to have a heart attack right there. I told him I felt the same way about his recommendations, and we ended up chatting right up until

it was our turn to greet the author. It turned out that my writer friend shared a literary agent with the star author, so they talked for a few moments while the author signed his book. When my crush's turn was over, he waited for me to get my book signed before accompanying me to the cashier.

Deciding it was now or never as we exited the store, I asked the writer if I could buy him a drink. "There's a great bar around the corner that has a really cool back room full of antique books," I suggested, and he seemed more than eager to join me for a couple cocktails.

At the bar, we ordered a round of drinks, and then I led him to the back room, my favorite part of the bar. Even though the front room was crowded with stragglers from happy hour and large groups of friends drinking, the book room was almost entirely empty.

We browsed the titles that lined

the shelves, sipping our drinks and occasionally pointing out which tomes excited us, and then settled onto one of the leather couches. The writer sat very close to me, and as we talked and continued to sip our drinks, he inched closer. Then, after getting up to get us a second round, he sat even closer, his leg pressing firmly against mine and his arm looping through my own.

He was definitely attracted to me, and I decided to take my shot and make a move. I smiled at him, then leaned over and kissed him. He responded eagerly, kissing me back for a moment before he pushed his tongue between my lips and drew me closer.

We continued to make out until I was practically in his lap, and then he pulled back. I started to apologize for going a little overboard, but he cut me off and said, "Maybe we should go somewhere more private." I wasn't about to turn him down, so I suggested we go back to my place.

While he paid our tab, I ordered a ride via an app on my phone, and within three minutes we were making out in the backseat of a car as it sped over the Williamsburg Bridge and back to my Brooklyn apartment.

Once we were inside my place, we proceeded without pause. I started in on his shirt and pants right away, and he pulled at my T-shirt and skirt. We stumbled into my bedroom in our underwear. Our hands roved all over one another's bodies, exploring every inch of bared flesh and learning how to turn each other on.

We stripped off the last of our clothing, and then we fell onto the bed in each other's arms. We kissed some more, but soon he positioned us so that he was on top of me. He moved down my body, kissing and licking his way from my neck to my breasts to my stomach to my thighs. When he finally planted his lips on my pussy, I just about screamed from how good it felt. He licked and sucked my clit, then thrust his tongue between

my pussy lips, lapping up the moisture that had gathered there. My legs squeezed against his body as he went down on me, and my fingers tangled in his curly hair. He moaned loudly against my pussy as he continued to lap at me.

Normally, I love having my pussy eaten, and he was definitely doing an excellent job, but I knew we might only have one night together and I desperately wanted to feel him inside me before I came. I reached down and pulled him up from between my legs, telling him how much I wanted to feel his cock thrusting inside me.

He asked if I had any condoms, and I pointed him toward the bathroom. He raced there to snag one from the box in the medicine cabinet. When he came back, he already had the small package opened and was rolling the condom onto himself as he walked toward the bed. Then, in a split second, he was on top of me, aiming his erection between my thighs.

I was incredibly wet and excited, and as I spread my legs, he easily slid into me. He filled me up as his body pressed against mine, and when he was completely buried inside me, I squeezed my legs around him and held him in place so I could savor the feeling for a few moments.

After a few seconds of stillness, he started to thrust, but with my legs clamped around his thighs, he couldn't move very much. However, as soon as I relaxed my grip on him, he began pumping in and out like crazy. His pelvis slapped against mine as he slammed in and out, and I tried to thrust up against him, too, to make sure he went extra deep and hard. When even that wasn't enough for us, I lifted my knees and planted my feet firmly on the mattress, giving myself more leverage. Now, I could thrust nearly as hard as he could, and before long we were both panting heavily in our efforts to get off.

He leaned down to kiss me again as



“I THRUST A HAND BETWEEN OUR BODIES SO I COULD RUB MY CLIT AND GET MYSELF OFF.”

our bodies smacked together. We kissed until we ran out of breath, then broke apart and continued to buck against each other. I knew we were both getting close, but I still needed more, and I begged him to thrust harder. He picked up his pace as much as he could, slamming his hips against mine with an almost bruising force. It felt divine! I began gasping and crying out as I felt the pleasure building up more and more inside me, edging me closer to climax.

He wasn't going to last much longer either, and when his thrusts became more measured, I knew we were only moments away from his release. When I heard him begin to grunt and felt his body start to jerk, I knew he was going to come soon, and I thrust a hand between

our bodies so I could rub my clit and get myself off at the exact same moment.

It took less than a minute now that we were both so primed, and as I came, my pussy clenching around him, he reached his peak, too. I watched his face as he unloaded inside me, and seeing his reaction, how turned on he was by me, made my climax even more intense.

When it was over, he kissed me nice and hard, and then went to the bathroom to dispose of the used condom. He cleaned himself up and got dressed, and came back to the bedroom to say good-night. I threw on a fresh T-shirt and underwear to walk him to the door, and we kissed one more time before he left.

Once he was gone, I grabbed my copy of the book we'd each just bought and crawled into bed to read until I fell asleep.

I don't know when I'll see my writer friend again, but I have a feeling he'll be in town next year when his book comes out, and I'll definitely make sure I'm first in line at his signing.

—M.R., New York, New York

The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen anytime. When it does, jump on it! And after you've jumped, tell us about it! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department S, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

RACY REQUEST

Homemade porn makes me wetter than wet. My boyfriend and I love to watch the videos that people post on adult sites—vignettes they've shot of themselves having sex at home or in hotel rooms or even outside. These days, almost everyone has a smart phone or a point-and-shoot camera, nearly all of which can record movies. It was only a matter of time before Mitch and I decided to make our own X-rated video. "You could totally star in one of those, babe," Mitch said, closing the laptop computer and taking me in his arms. "With your hot body and your crazy libido, you'd set the Internet on fire."

I felt my face flush as I, too, considered the possibilities. "What about you?" I replied, tracing my fingers down his midriff to the erection he'd acquired from the explicit scene we'd just watched. "It's a crime that no one else gets to witness this beautiful tool of yours in action."

His hard-on pulsed in my hand. "You know I'd love to post a clip of you and me getting it on," he said. "But putting the camera on the dresser would be kind of boring. One of us would have to hold it—"

"Or we can get someone else to shoot it for us," I said.

Mitch's eyebrows went up. "Who would you feel comfortable handing that job to?" Even as he asked the question, I could see him figuring it out. "Karen?"

I nodded. Karen, my best friend and confidante for several years, certainly wasn't uptight about sex. As a bonus, she had a nice little video camera—high quality but small and unobtrusive, which I thought would be important when Mitch and I got down to business.

"If we can feel comfortable with anyone filming us doing the nasty, it's Karen," I said.

"You're right." Mitch grinned as he became more comfortable with the idea.



"Have you asked her?"

"Not yet, but I will. Soon as I'm done fucking you."

Mitch stroked my thigh as I positioned myself on top of him. I could feel his excitement about our plan as I planted his throbbing cock in my pussy and sank down. We made love with extra zeal, and our lusty cries filled the room when, only a few minutes later, I creamed all over Mitch's spurring manhood.

I was still sweaty and catching my breath when I reached for the bedside phone. Karen listened to my racy request and exclaimed, "Oh, I love it! If you two have the courage to get down and dirty for the camera and put it online, I'm definitely the one to shoot it for you."

We settled on the following Saturday afternoon to shoot our explicit featurette.

Karen came over to our place and joined us for a round of margaritas to take the edge off.

"We're just going to follow our instincts," I advised my friend. "All you have to think about is straight-forward sex, gonzo style. Raw and real."

"Do I ever think about anything else?" she quipped.

"Don't be afraid to get close-ups," Mitch added with a wink.

When we all felt ready, we went into

the bedroom. Karen busied herself with her video camera while I stripped down to my lacy red bra and matching thong. Karen whistled, and I looked up to see her staring at my nearly nude boyfriend. Mitch is tall, lean, and muscular. Karen hadn't even seen his best feature yet, only the outline of it in his white satin boxers. We all laughed at her reaction, but I could see real appreciation and a touch of lust in her eyes. It made me horny.

Fueled with desire, I stepped close to Mitch and yanked down his shorts. Out leapt his penis—long and hard. Knowing that Karen's camera was trained on us, I curled my hand around my boyfriend's sturdy cock and stroked it with pride. Mitch sat on the edge of the bed as I lowered my mouth over his erection. There was a sound like a whimper from where Karen stood filming, but I didn't stop to think about it then. I merely climbed up onto the bed with Mitch.

He sat back against the headboard and I, on hands and knees, lowered my head to blow him once more. Karen crossed the room and stopped beside the bed. I felt her fingers at my back, undoing my bra. I stopped sucking Mitch just long enough to toss the bra away; then I filled my mouth with his cock again.

“I TWIRLED MY TONGUE IN HER VAGINA, WHILE MITCH FUCKED ME HARDER.”

Karen wasn't done, however. She took hold of my thong and pulled it down to my knees, leaving my backside fully exposed. I was shocked and titillated; I hadn't expected her to undress me. She was still close, filming. My friend was capturing an intimate picture of my private bits! The very thought made my pussy go from damp to drenched. I'd gotten a complete Brazilian wax a few days earlier in preparation for this moment, so I knew what Karen was seeing on her LCD screen: my smooth pussy lips, the dripping pink slit between them, and the tiny puckered star of my anus.

I was sucking Mitch so ardently that I brought him dangerously close to shooting his load in no time. I didn't want that to happen quite so soon, and apparently, he didn't either, because he eased back and had me turn around. Still on all fours, I was facing Karen now as Mitch palmed my ass cheeks. The next thing I knew, he was pressing his face into my crack and sliding his tongue up and down my pussy with gusto. The sensation made me woozy, and I'm sure my face registered everything I was feeling for the staring eye of Karen's camera. Then Mitch zeroed in on my clit, aggressively sucking that sensitive nub between his lips until I was quivering uncontrollably. As a climax stole upon me, I saw that Karen had lowered the camera

and was watching us so keenly—her eyes bright with such intense passion—that my breath caught in my throat. She was so turned on by her up-close-and-personal view of our antics that she'd begun to touch herself. Her hands caressed her perky breasts through the fabric of her T-shirt before sliding down to her hips. I watched, mesmerized, as she slipped one hand down the front of her jeans. Her gaze met mine as I came wildly, bucking back against Mitch's hard-working mouth.

Why not invite her to join us? The thought shook me to the core. The sudden, irresistible desire to get it on with both of them—my girlfriend *and* my boyfriend—was nearly overwhelming. Behind me, Mitch straightened on his knees and slotted his cock in my sodden groove. As he hooked his hands around my hips and slid inside me, I turned my head to look back at him. His eyes met mine, and I knew in an instant that he was having the same thoughts about Karen. I felt his penis surge inside me as he considered the possibilities. My excitement leapt to new heights. Mitch

and I had never experienced a threesome before, but then, we'd never had anyone film us fucking, either. Clearly, this was a day for new experiences!

As Mitch continued to plumb my depths from behind, I reached out a hand to Karen. She was trying gamely to resume her camerawork for us, but she was so hot and bothered that I doubted the footage would be watchable. When I put my hand out to her, Karen didn't hesitate for a second. She put the camera down on the dresser and shucked her pants and underwear like they were on fire. Nude from the waist down, she joined us on the bed and presented her neatly trimmed blonde bush to me. She was biting her lip and looking at me with such intense desire that I buried my face in her snatch at once.

Karen reacted to the touch of my mouth on her private parts as if I'd delivered an electric shock. “Oh, God!” she wailed, clutching my head between her hands and thrusting her crotch against my face. “Yes, lick me like that!”

I twirled my tongue in her vagina,



LETTERS

▾ THREE-FOR-ALL

enjoying the taste of her, while Mitch doggy-fucked me harder and harder. He was obviously turned on to an extra level by the sight of my head between another woman's thighs. My own cries of delight, muffled against Karen's pussy, were punctuated with a grunt every time Mitch pounded into me. At last he held fast to my hips and I felt his cock explode, filling me with his seed.

He was still partially erect when he retrieved the camera and came back to record the sight and sound of my tongue lapping at Karen's slit. Seeing an opportunity, I sat up, took my boyfriend's cock in my hand and aimed it at Karen's mouth. She opened her lips and leaned forward to engulf him. With that sight fresh in my mind—and the knowledge that Karen was tasting my juices on Mitch's shaft as she coaxed him back to hardness—I resumed licking and sucking her clit. Her moans started up again, louder than ever, and she came moments later, mewling around her mouthful of cock.

Mitch got on the bed then and leaned back against the headboard. I was

certainly not going to let his hard-on go unattended. I knelt astride him in reverse, facing his feet, and held his cock up to my pussy. As I sank downward, impaling myself, I watched Karen. I could tell she was ready for more, but she loved what she was seeing and decided to get it on camera for us. After she'd filmed me undulating atop Mitch's pole for a couple of minutes, I gave in to a wild urge and repositioned his glossy crown at my rear hole. He was so thoroughly coated and slippery with my juices that I felt nothing but acute pleasure as I worked the head of his cock into my ass. Slowly, steadily, I eased downward, taking him inside me inch by inch as my back channel acclimated along the way. It was such an exquisite feeling that, for a moment, everything else faded away. Bottoming out in Mitch's lap, I put my feet up on his knees, leaned back, and began to ride up and down his pole. Now I was completely exposed to Karen's hungry stare.

Overcome once more, she put the camera down and crouched low between Mitch's knees. Her hair tickled my inner thighs right before her lips mashed

against my pussy. Karen's excited cries mixed with my own as she began to lick and nibble on my hot spot. I can hardly describe the feeling of having my ass fucked and my clit sucked at the same time. Karen applied herself with a powerful passion, like she wanted nothing more in life than to get me off—and she succeeded in no time. My sphincter flexed and tightened repeatedly around Mitch's dick and my pussy doused Karen's mouth as my climax burst over me. It was so intense that I failed at first to notice Karen's hand working feverishly between her own legs, bringing herself to another orgasm as she helped deliver a second one for me.

Karen and I were clutching one another, our bodies still heaving with the last moments of our mutual release, when Mitch came, too. His cock gave a mighty spurt inside my ass, and I ground myself against his balls, eagerly taking the rest of his cream.

Much of the action didn't get recorded by the camera, of course, but we didn't hold that against Karen. On the contrary, it gave us an excuse to invite her over for a second attempt, and a third. We will keep trying until we get it right!

—V.S., Flagstaff, Arizona

■ OLD FRIENDS

When my girlfriend, Johanna, told me her friend was coming to town for one night, I'd decided to make myself scarce. Johanna had moved here from the same city as her friend, Nicki. Aside from having me in her life, Johanna felt terribly lonely. She'd had trouble making new friends, and my social circle was too flaky for her. I could tell that this visit meant a lot to her.

"You two have fun tonight," I told her as I was going out the apartment door.

Johanna lifted a blonde eyebrow, and



a smile lit her beautiful face. "Oh, we will, Jason."

I knew she needed to recharge her social batteries and have some quality time with her good friend, but her words stuck with me. *Oh, we will.* My imagination seized on pornographic scenarios in which she and this Nicki met for drinks, went back to our place, started innocently cuddling and kissing, and then began rolling around naked on the carpet, licking and fingering each other excitedly.

The fantasy didn't make me jealous; it turned me on. I went out for a couple beers, meeting up with my own friends. But the pictures in my head haunted me.

My buddy Alana noticed I was preoccupied. Eventually, I told her every wild thought that was floating around in my head.

Alana laughed. "If Nicki's half as hot as Johanna, I'd love to watch that." Then she punched my shoulder. "If that's what's really happening, be happy for her."

Those mental images of lesbian lust never ceased, but I managed to have a good time anyway. Word got around, though, so when Johanna called right before closing time and asked me to come home, everybody howled. "She's had enough pussy. Now she wants cock!" shouted one friend. Followed by another, who queried, "You gonna make her a glass of warm milk and tuck her in?"

My friends are jerks, but I love them. You gotta have friends.

On my way over, I deliberately wiped away all those stupid thoughts that had been plaguing me. Johanna had never even mentioned being into women, so I was convinced that this had all been wasted mental energy on my part.

When my girlfriend opened the door, she looked like a different woman. Her well-kept blonde hair was in disarray, and her lovely face was slack with pleasure. She appeared relaxed and loose, with none of the tension that had been growing so acutely in her lately. She was



"THEY MUST HAVE BEEN FUCKING AND SUCKING FOR HOURS ALREADY!"

barefoot and wore a short white robe.

As I entered I looked past her, suddenly excited. But a naked Nicki wasn't lying on the rug or the living room couch.

"Did you have fun?" I asked, attempting to hide my disappointment.

She giggled, tugging her robe and allowing it to fall from her gorgeous body. My heart leapt. "It's too bad I haven't gotten along with your friends, Jason. But maybe you will with one of mine."

I stood dumbly. Then, from the bedroom, a female voice called out, "You bringing your hot stud in here or what, Joey?"

My cock surged. Johanna giggled again and walked away from me, the exquisite halves of her bare ass moving enticingly. I followed her into the bedroom on numb feet.

Nicki was splayed out on the bed enticingly. She was raven-haired, with deep blue eyes and a smoking-hot body. Her generous tits were capped with stiff pink nipples. Her shaved pussy gleamed with anticipatory wetness.

She grinned ferociously at me.

"One of us is still wearing clothes. That's silly."

With that, the two nude women pounced on me. Their hands moved fast, fingers undoing buttons. Feeling as if I were in a dream, I stepped out of my jeans, and then I stood naked, with my cock throbbing hard, before these two beautiful females.

Nicki looked as disheveled and mischievous as Johanna. They must have been fucking and sucking for hours already. An empty wine bottle stood on the nightstand, and the air smelled of sweat and sex.

They pressed in on either side of me, kissing my throat and chest. Each put a hand on my cock, fingers encircling my girth and squeezing.

"He's got a big dong, Joey!"

"Wait till it's in your cunt, Nicki!"

These comments and sensations made my head whirl. The room seemed to swim with a sweet rosy glow. Someone was cupping my balls as someone else jerked my pulsing shaft. I couldn't have said who was who. It was a wonderful confusion.

As I tried distantly to figure out how I'd gotten so lucky, the two women drew me toward the bed. I was maneuvered around until I was lying on my back. The beautiful nymphean duo knelt above me, grinning fiendishly. I felt their desire like a heat, molten and needy.

"Who wants to ride first?" I asked boldly. My cock was achingly erect, awaiting the clasp of a slick, hot pussy.

The friends exchanged a look, and then cried simultaneously: "First comer's the loser!"

To my wide-eyed amazement they

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▷ THREE-FOR-ALL

both reached across my prone body and started to mercilessly finger each other. Nicki ground two fingers up into Johanna's snatch, and my girlfriend went knuckle-deep in Nicki's hole. They growled as they each reamed out the other's pussy. It was a serious contest, which Nicki "lost," in that Johanna made her come first.

"Bitch!" Nicki spat, but it was in good fun.

Johanna climbed onto me and took my cock up inside her. It was a fine, familiar feeling, our established connection. I loved being with this woman already, and now I knew she had this freaky side. Bonus!

But lucky for me, Nicki wasn't content to sit and watch her best bud fuck my staff. She moved up the bed, threw a knee over my head, and lowered her glistening muff toward my mouth. I was eager to sample her by the time her silken lips made contact. My tongue speared up into her, parting her folds. I took in the deep taste of her as she ground that sloppy pussy against my face with ribald enthusiasm.

My view of Johanna was pretty much blocked as I licked Nicki with a crazy zeal. But when I looked up, I saw Johanna's hands close over Nicki's abundant tits. Nicki continued to writhe on my mouth as Johanna tweaked her nipples viciously, twisting the pink knobs until Nicki cried out.

At the same moment she started gushing, and I did everything I could to drink down every drop of her lust. Her honey and my saliva spilled out the sides of my mouth and ran down onto the

rumpled pillow. Meanwhile, Johanna's cowgirl gyrations on my pole reached a frenzy. I heard her unmistakable orgasmic cry, then felt her body tumble sideways on the bed.

Nicki rolled clear of my face, as well. But she bent down, kissed my slick mouth, and said, "I hope your cock hasn't given out yet! 'Cause it's my turn!"

She scooted down and moved to lever herself onto my still stiff lance. Johanna crawled up the mattress and leaned in to say, "And I hope your mouth's still working!" Then she licked some of Nicki's cream off my chin and proceeded to set her pussy over my face.

Johanna's hot flowing flavor mixed with Nicki's on my busy tongue. I stabbed up into her, flicking her clit and tickling the sweet bud. She smeared her dripping folds against my lips. Her scent and wetness were all over me. So were Nicki's.

The dark-haired woman was violently riding my cock, slamming down onto me each time so that I felt the impact in my bones. The sound of fleshy smacks filled the bedroom as her silky cunt gripped me sensuously.

Everything seemed to move in a wavering heat for me. Sweat ran from my pores. I gasped for breath beneath Johanna's grinding pussy. My skin felt fantastically alive, sparking with every touch of the women's bodies. Invisible electricity crackled in the air. I felt like I was at the center of some great erotic culmination, a vortex of sex, twirling me madly and sending me into an ecstasy I couldn't have ever imagined.

I'd had threeways before, but never this good. Maybe it was the fact that there was such strong feeling between the two women. Somehow that established sentiment made the mix all the better. They were cooperative and competitive, allies and playful adversaries. How lucky that I was the third person, the one with whom they'd chosen to share themselves and this erotic moment.

**"THE SOUND OF
FLESHY SMACKS
FILLED THE
BEDROOM AS HER
SILKY CUNT
GRIPPED ME."**



When I looked up again through blurry eyes, I saw that Nicki was mauing Johanna's tits from behind, pinching her nips hard enough to turn them purple. Johanna cried out again, and I drank her flood of pussy juice. She liked to ride my tongue when she came like this, and I accommodated her as much as I could. Nicki was also writhing about, screaming obscenities as she impaled herself on my stalwart erection.

Then, as if on cue, both women rolled off of me. I tried to sit up, but they both pushed me back down. I hadn't been off my back since getting onto this bed.

"You've worked hard enough, stud," Nicki said.

"Just lie back and enjoy this," Johanna said.

It seemed like good advice, especially when the pair moved in on me from either side, their faces meeting over my crotch. I lifted my head so I could watch as their mouths descended upon my cock. Two tongues licked their way up my shiny shaft on either side, gathering the remnants of their juices as they went.

When they reached my cockhead, those devilish tongues touched, swirling against each other. Then the women grinned, with Johanna saying, "I can taste your pussy on his cock!" And Nicki adding, "I can taste yours, too!"

After that they took turns deep-throating me. Johanna cinched her lips around my crown and dropped her mouth down my length, without a hitch or pause. I felt my cockhead throbbing in her throat. Nicki meanwhile ducked further down to lap at my balls. As Johanna worked a steady rhythm, her eyes rolled up into her skull with pleasure.

She kept at it for several minutes, and then they switched places. Johanna sucked on my balls while Nicki blew me with gusto. She hummed while she did, sending dangerous tendrils of bliss through me. I was about to warn her I was going to shoot, but both ladies



seemed to sense my imminent climax.

The two women gathered over my cock, and each put a hand around my erection. Together they jerked my meat. It only took a few skillful pulls before my spunk was unloading in fierce gushes. Their open mouths were there to catch every thick spatter, and any bit missed was eagerly licked off the other's face.

Rapture tore through me and left me spent. Finally, I opened one eye and found myself staring into Johanna's sweet face. She looked very happy. Nicki was on my other side. I wondered if maybe my girlfriend should give my friends another chance. Or, at least, Alana. I could imagine the two of them together...and maybe me in the middle.

-J.S., Portland, Oregon

TRIPLE PLAY

Every guy wants a threesome. I know because my buddies and I have talked about it a million times. But not many of them have ever experienced one. I know because my buddies and I have complained about a million times about *not* having one. Unlike them, though, I now no longer have a reason to complain.

Carrie is a pretty excellent girlfriend, and she's always down to try whatever I want in bed. When I wanted anal, she didn't even hesitate before agreeing, and when I suggested we try role-playing and bondage, she was totally game. So I shouldn't have been surprised that

she was down for a threesome once I brought up the idea. In fact, she wasn't just down for it, she already had a third in mind.

Honestly, I wasn't even trying to persuade her to have a threesome when I first mentioned the subject. I'd been playing basketball with the guys at the gym when my buddy Matt started bitching about how he'd asked his girl for a threeway. She'd fired back by saying she'd do it but only with another guy. Matt thought that was bullshit and couldn't shut up about it, saying how unfair it was and how two dudes isn't the kind of threesome anyone wants anyway. "My girl always tells me how she finds penises so unattractive, but now she wants to stare at two of them?" he'd griped. "What the actual fuck?"

I was telling Carrie because I thought the story was hilarious, and because I was curious if Matt's girlfriend had said anything about it at their last girls' night out. Carrie had found the whole thing funny but said that Matt's girlfriend had never mentioned it. "We don't talk about things we don't do," she explained. "We talk about what we like, or maybe something we don't like, if it's really weird or awful, but we never really talk about the stupid shit you guys ask us for. If we did, do you know how badly the other women would react?" She laughed. "Most of them are such prudes!" she added. "Even if Matt agreed to a threesome with another guy, there's no way his girlfriend would go through with it."

I studied her for a moment. "Would

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you?" I asked, curiosity getting the best of me.

"Would I have a threesome with two guys?" Carrie asked. "Sure."

"What about two girls?" I said.

She stared at me for a minute, I guess trying to figure out how serious I was. Then she said, "Fuck yes. I even know who I'd want the third to be."

I looked at her and waited for her to explain, and she did. "My friend Crystal," she told me. "We hooked up a bunch in college. We used to talk about it, about sharing a guy, but we never did it." She paused for a moment, letting the thought sink in, and then queried, "What do you think? Do you want to?"

"Is that really a question you need to ask me?" I replied. "Hell yes I want to!"

Without breaking eye contact with me, she picked up her phone, which had been sitting on the counter in front of her while we'd chatted in the kitchen, and quickly dialed Crystal's number from memory. Her friend, who I'd met a handful of times since Carrie and I started dating, must have picked up on the first or second ring, because a few seconds after she dialed, I heard my girlfriend asking her friend if she wanted to have sex with us—"right now."

When she hung up, Carrie told me, "Crystal will be here in 20 minutes. You should take a shower."

I had so many questions, but none of them seemed important enough to postpone my shower. I wasn't about to blow my shot at a threesome because I reeked of sweat. I'm not stupid.

Carrie changed into a cute bra-and-panty set while I cleaned up, and she'd even laid out a pair of boxer briefs for me, a pair I knew she liked and that she always told me made my package look good. Again, I didn't ask questions, I just dried off and put them on and waited for my next instructions.

I didn't have to wait long, as Crystal showed up about five minutes later. Carrie answered the door in her



"HER LIPS SQUEEZED MY DICK AS HER HEAD BOBBED UP AND DOWN."

underwear, and Crystal walked right in and stripped off her skimpy little shorts and T-shirt as soon as she'd crossed the threshold, revealing a plain but sexy pair of navy briefs and a matching sports bra. Normally that wouldn't have looked hot, but Crystal's curvy figure, thick thighs, and big breasts looked good.

Once she was down to her undies, she greeted my girlfriend with a deep yet sweet kiss, and it was clear the two of them had off-the-charts chemistry. Just watching the way they kissed and how their oh-so-different bodies moved together got me as hard as a rock, and I didn't care if I ever got to join them. I would have died happy if I'd just been

able to watch them make out for a little longer, which I did. They kissed for a few minutes, so passionately that it drove me nuts, but eventually they broke apart and Carrie summoned me over.

Crystal reached out as if to shake my hand when I approached, which seemed oddly formal for someone who'd come over to have sex with me, but when I took her hand, she pulled me toward her and gave me a kiss that was nearly as hot and steamy as the one she'd shared with my girlfriend. And when our lips parted, Carrie immediately replaced her, giving me only a second to suck down a big breath of air before knocking the wind right out of me again.

I was still kissing Carrie when the women started to lead me back to the bedroom, and I stumbled along blindly. I didn't even wonder how Crystal seemed to know exactly where we were going since she'd never been to our house before (not that I knew of, anyway). I just followed where they took me, and when we got to the bedroom, I happily let them pull my underwear down and push me onto the bed.

They did a sexy, nearly synchronized striptease for me as they shed their bras and panties, and then crawled up the bed, one woman on either side of me.

God, that was hot! They'd barely done anything, to each other or me, and already my cock was aching hard and dripping pre-come!

Once we were all on the mattress, with me sandwiched between two incredibly hot women, they began to kiss me again. But while Carrie worked from my chest to my mouth, Crystal moved downward, kissing my stomach and thighs until she reached my cock. As my girlfriend thrust her tongue into my mouth, her friend sucked my dick between her lips.

Carrie gives mind-blowing blowjobs, but Crystal was even better! Her lips squeezed my dick as her head bobbed up and down and her tongue danced along my shaft. She held my thighs flat against the bed with her hands (and she was fucking strong) and wouldn't let me thrust into her mouth, but I wanted to so badly. I'd never felt so many sensations in my dick at once, not even when Carrie gave me head, and I couldn't believe it was happening with a chick I barely knew.

One of my hands darted down to fist in Crystal's hair while she blew me, and the other groped my girlfriend, especially her tight little ass, which is my favorite part of her.

They kept at it for a while, somehow keeping me from coming while they alternated positions, taking turns sucking me off and kissing me. I got to feel up each of them, exploring the curvy girl's new-to-me body and getting to see my girlfriend in a whole new light, but the real fun started when they decided it was time to fuck me.

It was like a scene in a porn movie, I swear to God. The women lay on top of each other, kissing and groping, and they had me get behind them and fuck them, thrusting in and out of one and then the other. My dainty girlfriend was on the bottom of our pileup, but she pushed herself down a bit and lifted her legs up so her ankles rested on my shoulders, letting me get nearly as deep in her as I wanted. And with Crystal on top, I got to

feel her big round ass pressing against me no matter which girl I was thrusting into. It was the hottest thing I had ever experienced.

I thought I'd blow my load in seconds, because who the fuck wouldn't? But I kept going and going, thrusting into one wet girl for a few strokes and then pulling out to pump into the other. It was all a blur, my cock pistoning back and forth so much that I almost forgot whose cunt I was in each time. I just knew I was getting twice as much pussy as I normally get, and I wasn't going to waste it.

Eventually, the girls wanted to change positions, and they told me to get on my back again. I did exactly as they instructed and was immediately rewarded. Crystal planted her fat, juicy pussy on my mouth, and Carrie eased my dick into her tight ass. I don't know how I didn't explode right on contact, but I managed to keep it up long enough to fuck them both for a few more minutes, one with my cock and the other with my tongue.

I gulped down the juices that poured out of Crystal's cunt and loved the

slightly salty taste that I knew came from my being inside her only moments earlier. And Carrie. Fuck, Carrie! She knew exactly what she was doing with my dick, and she rode me with her ass like a real pro, clenching her cheeks around me and changing up her speed, fast and slow and fast again.

I'd barely done anything to help them get off, but after I exploded inside my girlfriend's ass, I realized they didn't need much help from me to climax. I lay back and watched them, turning my head from side to side as they fucked themselves the rest of the way to completion.

I didn't tell Matt about my threesome the following week at basketball, but when I got home afterward, Carrie and Crystal were both waiting for me.

-A.S., via email

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LETTERS

▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL

■ BEACH SNATCH

You don't expect crime at a nude beach. The perp has to have someplace to pull a gun from or somewhere to hide the booty, right?

It was why I went to the clothing-free spot, so that as an off-duty cop I could completely let my guard down.

But that wasn't in the cards for me.

I was relaxing under the sun. I'm a big girl—six feet tall and muscular. All body types are welcome here. I'll admit I occasionally sneak a lascivious peek at the lovely young flesh that's on display. There's usually plenty of it.

Today, a lithe blonde 20-something caught my eye. She came up out of the surf. Water glistened on her taut frame, her nipples stiffened to hard points. She emerged close to where I lay on my beach towel. She scooped wet hanks of hair out of her eyes.

I couldn't help but lift my head a little to study her better. For an instant she

looked right at me and smiled, and then she turned and strolled away. I watched the beautiful flexing of her butt and thought sleepily how nice it would be to sink my teeth into it.

Five minutes later, an alarmed cry jolted me out of my stupor. I looked up and saw my blonde nymphet racing back up the shoreline. She flew at a nimble speed, vaulting over others who were sunning on the sand. Her breasts jounced and her supple body undulated.

The cry had come from down the beach. A woman was there, waving angrily. My young blonde beauty had a plastic purse gripped in her hand. She veered, feet splashing in the water, and then hurled herself into a wave, disappearing under it.

I was already launching to my feet, cursing. I raced naked toward the water, kicking up sand. I dove and hit the sea cleanly. The temperature change was a shock. I surfaced and spotted the bare butt of the purse-snatcher ahead of me. She was swimming out at a good speed.

I laid it on, glad for all those laps in the police gym's pool. My muscled legs kicked, my arms swung strongly. She had turned parallel to the beach now and was heading for the end of the cove. If she got out of sight, she would no doubt climb out of the water and run for it, probably toward a waiting car. She still held the purse.

We went around the outcropping of land that marked the fringe of the cove. She saw me and tried to swim harder. I could see she was exhausting herself. We were beyond view of the nude beach by now, along a craggy part of the shore. I couldn't let her drown herself. I bore down and closed in on her, even as she turned desperately toward the rocky land. There was no way she could scale those slimy rocks and get away.

But she didn't try that. Instead, I saw her duck into a cave a few yards ahead of me. I followed her in under the stony overhang. Drifts of wet sand floored the space. It was cool in here. My naked blonde snatcher heaved herself onto the ground, made a scrabbling effort to reach deeper into the little cave, and finally gave up.

She flopped onto her back and grinned at me. "Okay, Amazon. You win." She held out the purse.

I put it on a high shelf of rock, panting hard from the exertion. Droplets glistened in her amber pubic hair. Her face was mischievous but alluring.

"Now what're you going to do, big girl? It wasn't even your purse."

"I'm going to arrest you. I'm a police officer."

"What?" She stared, but a naked cop looks like anybody else. "I don't believe you, giantess," she said.

"Stop calling me that!" I snapped.

She sat up, looking apologetic. "Hey, I didn't mean to insult you. I like big, strong women. You make me hot." Her eyes suddenly glittered. "Let me show me you how hot."

With that, she spread her thighs and



started fingering her pussy. I knelt there gobsmacked. I'd had perps try to get out of trouble lots of different ways, but nobody had ever pleased themselves in front of me before.

"Yeah, yeah..." she growled. "I'm thinking of your tongue in me. I want to nibble your tits and suck on your clit." She'd been teasing her outer lips. Now she delved deeper, slotting two fingers up into herself. Her hips jerked on the sand.

Waves crashed behind us and reflected light wavered on the roof of the small cave. It smelled salty and lush in here. I bet that aroma was like the taste of this girl's pussy. I didn't know what to do so I watched her as her fingers quickened, as she ground her knuckles up against her entrance. Her other hand rose and started plucking at her tits, tweaking the erect nips.

Her mouth hung open on a prolonged cry. Her eyes rolled back into her skull. Her ass quivered under her. The shriek echoed piercingly in the little space, then she went limp and sagged on the wet sand.

"That was...nice," I murmured. "But I'm still arresting you."

"I'm not a thief. That was a prank. Snatch somebody's purse, then we mail it back to them with an anonymous apology and a hundred extra dollars. I'm with a sorority."

I didn't believe her, naturally. But I knew the sorority she identified, and she easily named everyone there, and recited the chapter song. She wasn't a freshman pledge; she was a senior taking on a leadership post, which required this foolish initiation.

"Now," she said with a grin, "you going to let me suck those big tits or what?"

She rose to her knees, and I drew her toward me, enfolding her slim shape in my well-muscled arms. I smothered her groan with a devouring kiss, driving my tongue past her soft lips. Her tongue thrust against mine. Excitement flushed



"SHE STUCK ITS EELY LENGTH DEEP INSIDE, BEFORE FLICKING MY CLIT."

through me. I reached down and groped her perky little butt, squeezing the taut halves.

"Let me suck those titties! Gotta suck those titties!" She squirmed until I let her put her mouth on my breasts. It was a sight as she tried to stuff my entire generous tit into her gaping maw. She suckled hard on my nipples, rippling pleasure over my entire body. I groped her breasts in turn, her nipples tight and springy under my fingers.

"Lay down with me," she said.

We lay side by side on the sand. The foamy surf touched our toes, but we were absolutely safe inside our rocky hideaway. Nobody could get to us by land or water. I kissed the blonde girl again, savoring the play of her tongue against mine.

We each reached between the other's parted legs and traced the sweet, wet lips to be found there. I shuddered exquisitely at the contact. Her fingertips eased open my folds and brushed the sensitive flesh within. As I slid a finger inside her, she panted into my mouth.

We could have been shipwreck survivors lying there, women lost from civilization, turning to each other for company and finding succor in these feminine touches. Or, on the other hand, we could just be a pair of healthy females who appreciated the womanly form. I didn't have to make this into poetry.

Our fingers worked diligently now. I added a second digit and reamed her pussy eagerly. She was doing something wonderful with her thumbnail, grazing it along my swollen clit. We jerked back and forth on our beachy bed. Wet sand squelched underneath our thrashing bodies. I finger-fucked her deeply, and she did the same to me.

When she started quaking violently, her reaction touched off my own response. Her pussy clenched. I cried out as a big wave hit, flecking foam across our wriggling bodies. My climax tore pleasure from the deepest parts of me, stripping it from my marrow. She came equally as hard, practically sobbing through her peak.

"Water's moving in," I said. "We better vacate."

"Not 'til I taste your pussy! We've got time. Please!"

I let her get me onto my back. She climbed up, reversing on top of me. I closed my big hands around her hips and dropped that well-fingered pussy right onto my waiting mouth. At the same instant, her hot breath touched my drenched folds.

I jammed my tongue into her. She felt small atop me, almost fragile. But that illusion vanished as a wiry strength coursed through her. Her sinewy hands pulled apart my thighs so she could

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▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL

maneuver her whole head between my legs. Her tongue scoured me. It ravaged me. She stuck its eely length deep inside, before flicking my clit. Her teeth skimmed me, provoking fresh joys.

Avidly licking her pussy and savoring her salty flavor, I upped the game by reaching up and trailing a finger along the succulent valley of her ass until I happened upon the pretty pucker of her asshole. There I traced the crinkly circle once, then slipped my wet digit inside, snaking it up to the knuckle.

Her head rose and her voice screamed, "Yeah! You fuckin' probe me as deep as you want!"

I ran my finger in further, feeling her interior heat. I loved how her hole gripped me. But she wasn't to be outdone.

With a yoga-like stretch, she somehow plunged her head even lower between my legs, and her electric tongue began violating my asshole. The sensation was like madness. Erotic supernovas went off inside me. I came helplessly as she poured her fresh juice across my tongue.

A new bigger wave hit the mouth of the cave. The front edge of the breaker came halfway inside. I reluctantly untangled us. I picked up the purse and told her I would return it. She said there was a patch of beach about 30 more yards up the shore. Her car was parked near there, with her clothes.

"You tell your sorority sisters this kind of prank is over," I warned her.

"I will. I hope you can come by the house sometime. I'm not the only one there who likes...big girls."

We had time for one last serious kiss before the cave flooded. As we started swimming off in opposite directions, she called, "My name's Cassandra by the way!"

"I'll see you soon, Cassandra."

When I got back to the nude beach with the purse, I was met with cheers, but I hardly heard them. I already felt like a hero.

—Name and address withheld



"THE BRA FELL OPEN, REVEALING PERKY BREASTS THAT I GENTLY TRACED MY FINGERS OVER."

■ BI-CURIOUS

When Casey confessed she'd never had an orgasm with a lover, I honestly thought I'd misheard her. How could that be possible? The beautiful brunette always dated attractive men; the fact that none of those sexy guys had ever gotten her off was mindboggling.

Somehow I found the confidence to

make a very bold offer. I could definitely make her come and told her as much.

Casey giggled at the suggestion, her cheeks growing bright red as she gave me a playful smack. "Thanks—that's tempting, but our next movie is already queued up."

She thought I was joking! I tossed the remote to the foot of my bed. "Aren't you a little bit curious, Casey? I can't imagine never getting off."

She cast her eyes down and shrugged. "Well, yeah, but you're my friend and I've never..."

I raised my eyebrows. "You've never been with another girl, you mean?"

She nibbled at her bottom lip, a nervous habit. Still, she looked me straight in the eye.

"You know I haven't."

I shrugged. "First girl, first orgasm. It can be an evening of firsts."

"I've had orgasms!" She insisted. "I give them to myself."

"It's not the same," I said with some exasperation. "But I'm not trying to pressure you..." I reached for the remote, prepared to start the next movie. I figured I'd bombed big time.

Before I knew what was happening,

she rolled over, straddling my hips and drawing me toward her to plant a feather-light kiss on my lips. "You're not pressuring me. I'm just afraid I'll be terrible."

I tugged her lip into my mouth, sucking it before deepening the kiss and enjoying the feel of her tongue as it tangled with my own. I broke for a breath. "Just follow my lead, and I promise it will be amazing."

I eased my hands up Casey's thighs, slowly sliding them around her body to cup her ass. My fingertips brushed close to her pussy, causing her mouth to open in a sexy little "O." I dipped my tongue between her lips, getting drunk off a blend of cotton-candy sweetness and tart red wine.

She ground her hips against me, and my own desire spiked. I felt wetness seeping through my panties, and I ached for more contact. But giving a girl her first orgasm is a big deal. It deserved extra-special care and attention. My own needs could wait.

I kept one hand firmly planted on Casey's ass while the other wandered under her shirt to cup a full, round breast. I tugged at the hem of her shirt. "This needs to go." I pulled the shirt over her head and tapped my finger on her thigh. "Shorts, too."

There was that sexy little lip bite again. Casey rolled off me, lying back on the bed as she shimmied out of her shorts.

"And the bra," I said, quickly undoing the front clasp. The bra fell open, revealing perky breasts that I gently traced my fingers over, enjoying the shivers I elicited from my friend.

I eased her body up and slid the bra off her shoulders. "My turn," I said in a lust-roughened voice. I pulled my tank top over my head and tossed it in the corner. My sweatpants came next, and then I stood before Casey in my leopard-print bra and hot pink thong. My arousal had thoroughly soaked my panties.

I crawled across the mattress, straddling Casey's thighs so that I could

rub myself against her. "Feel that heat?" She nodded. "That's how horny you're making me right now."

She wrapped her hand around the back of my neck and pulled me close, her tongue gently stroking against mine. For a moment I forgot that I was supposed to be the seducer. Drunk with lust, I allowed Casey to take the lead.

Her fingers trailed along my ribcage, sending shivers down my spine before making their way to the edge of my bra. Her touch was tentative at first, carefully exploring curves of my breasts before reaching around my back to release the clasp on my bra.

As my breasts spilled forward, Casey broke the kiss, her eyes heavy with lust as she brushed her thumbs across my nipples. "I want you to tell me how to make it good for you, too."

"I am so turned on by the thought of giving you your first orgasm, there is no way this could be anything but incredible for me."

I turned my attention back to her

breasts, sucking the right nipple into my mouth as I used my fingers to arouse the left. The little pink buds quickly grew fully erect, and a light pinch to one was answered with a gasp. Casey arched her back off the bed as she pushed her breast harder against my mouth.

Releasing her right nipple, I kissed a trail to the left before lavishing it with the same oral attention, while my hands roamed along her body.

Even though the point of the evening was to get Casey off, I couldn't deny myself the pleasure of touching every inch of her. Yes, Casey has always been my friend, but I'm not blind! I'd been attracted to her for years, and I was finally getting my chance to show her how good sex could be with me.

I trailed my hand down Casey's side, swooping around her hip to slip my fingers between her hot, wet folds. As I grazed my teeth over her nipple, I pressed my thumb to her clit and was rewarded with a throaty moan.

"Oh God, Mariah. More, I need more."



LETTERS

▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL

I released her breast and continued to massage her clit as I met her gaze. "There will be lots more, I promise."

My thumb circled her clit over and over, her fingers clawing at the bedsheets as I brought her closer to her peak.

"Please, Mariah," she whispered.

"I can never deny a polite request from a friend," I teased playfully.

I forced my thighs together, trying to ignore the desperate need pulsing between my own legs. I lowered my head to her pussy and flicked my tongue across her clit. Her hips hitched from the action, and I licked again, but more slowly, taking my time to savor her taste.

Casey's fingers found their way into my hair, tugging at the strands as she pressed her slit against my mouth. She was soaking wet. I teased her entrance with the tip of my finger, thrilled by the gasp that fell from Casey's lips.

As she begged me with the sexy undulations of her body, I slid my finger inside, pressing against the spot I

knew would drive her wild. Meanwhile, my tongue continued to circle her clit, coaxing a cry from Casey that made my own body tingle. Her grip on my hair tightened she lifted her hips to meet my thrusts. I worked another finger inside, stroking her G-spot until I felt her walls tighten around me.

Casey released my hair, and I glanced up to find her pinching her own nipples,

**"MY PUSSY
PULSATED WITH
NEED AS THE
RUMBLING TOY
INCREASED MY
PLEASURE."**

her lip tucked between her teeth as she tried to stifle a moan. She was so close to the edge I could taste it.

I pulled back slightly, gently blowing across her clit and preparing her body for a quick change of pace. When I flicked my tongue across her bud a bit harder than before, she moaned loudly. Casey was way past the point of containing herself, and I loved it.

I pressed my mouth to her, rolling my tongue across her clit before taking it between my lips. When I began to suck her button rhythmically, Casey came apart beneath me, her body shaking as she was overcome with ecstasy.

As her cries of pleasure gave way to soft, helpless moans, I switched to languid licks, easing her down from her orgasmic high.

I sat up on the bed, enjoying the way Casey panted as she tried to catch her breath. As her chest rose and fell, her tits bobbed in a way that made me hot all over. Her breathing evened out, and she opened her eyes, letting her gaze meet mine.

"I'm pretty sure you just ruined me."

I stared at her for a moment, completely confused. "What do you mean?"

Casey propped her elbows beneath her as she raised herself into a sitting position. "No one has ever made me feel like that before. I hope you don't mind that I'll be back in your bed," she paused, brushing a light kiss against my lips. "A lot."

She slid her palm down my stomach, her fingers settling against my clit. "But now I want to make you feel just as good."

My heart quickened as I considered the possibilities. Tonight wasn't supposed to be about my pleasure, but who was I to deny such a tempting offer?

I leaned forward and captured her lips in a kiss as I reached down and placed her fingers where I most yearned for her touch. I rocked my hips against her hand,



the action sending pulses of pleasure from my clit to my core. I groaned into her mouth before pulling back and guiding her to the center of the bed.

"Wait a sec," I said, reaching to pull my vibrator from the nightstand drawer.

"You have a gorgeous ass, Mariah." Casey's fingertips brushed my cheeks, making my pussy throb as I searched for the toy.

With the vibe in my fist, I turned back to Casey and planted a kiss on her lips before nestling next to her on the bed.

"I don't want you to do anything you're not comfortable with."

She gave me a smoldering look. "Mariah, you are my best friend, and you just gave me the most mind-blowing orgasm I've ever experienced, the only one I haven't had to give myself." She traced her fingertips along the top of my breasts. "Let me return the favor."

I relaxed as Casey's tentative caresses grew bolder, sending shockwaves straight to my cunt. She pinched each nipple, rolling the buds until I groaned before sliding her body lower. Her tongue touched my clit, and I tried to suppress the urge to grind against her, reminding myself that this was still a new experience for Casey. But my worries about her comfort ceased the moment she pulled my clit between her lips. Her moves were hot and hungry, and her tongue began greedily lapping at my folds, making every nerve in my body sing.

She slipped one finger into my pussy, then another before sitting up and grabbing the vibrator from me. She waved the toy playfully. "I have ideas for this," she promised.

Her fingertips pushed hard against my G-spot, her feverish little pumps making my hips rise off the bed. The vibrator whirled to life, and I gasped as she touched the tip my clit. My pussy pulsed with need as the rumbling toy increased my pleasure. I gripped the sheets, hurtling toward an orgasm at breakneck speed. Then her fingers



were gone. I moaned, my body empty and aching with need. Casey slid the toy away from my clit and down to my entrance. She eased the tip into my pussy as she licked her lips.

"I want to taste you again."

Just like that her head dipped back between my legs, her tongue rolling against my clit as she plunged the vibrator deep inside me. I tangled my fingers in her hair, pulling her mouth hard against me as I matched her motions thrust for thrust. My body shook as I reached the pinnacle of my arousal, my muscles tense as her tongue teased my clit to the breaking point. One last lick and I was gone, my cries echoing through the apartment as a wave of bliss rushed over me.

When I finally caught my breath, I opened my eyes and found Casey smiling at me. "I'm glad we found a better way to spend our evening," she said.

I grabbed her wrist and pulled her down on top of me. "Trust me—there are many more evenings and many more orgasms in our future."

—M.K., via email

■ POOL PARTY

When my friend told me she'd rented the indoor pool at a swanky hotel in the city for her 30th birthday party, I was pretty excited. Winter had started early, and I was definitely looking forward to forgetting about the snow and cold for a few hours while we celebrated. Plus,

I expected lots of attractive women in bikinis. After months of seeing women in bulky sweaters and heavy coats, I was looking forward to some skin.

Unfortunately, most of Lizzie's girlfriends are straight, and it seemed like nearly all the women who came to the party were in frumpy one-piece suits or tankinis. There were more men in skimpy swimsuits than there were women, and that just wasn't going to work for me.

I was on my way to the poolside bar to drown my sorrows in a big glass of champagne when I saw Stella walk out of the changing room. She was tall, nearly six feet, and had legs for days, and her chest more than filled out her garment. She had on a striking red suit that had cutouts in all the right areas, which showed off her figure perfectly, accenting her flat stomach, wide hips, and ample chest. I was absolutely floored, and I needed to know who she was. Fortunately, she was headed for the bar, too.

We each ordered our drinks and then I introduced myself. She said she was a friend of Lizzie's from college, and she was only in town for a few days, so she was glad to meet someone friendly at the party. I asked if she'd like to grab a seat and chat, and we found some lounge chairs and stretched out to talk while we sipped our drinks.

After a bit of "getting to know you" chatter, Stella mentioned how sad it was that all the women were so covered up at the party and how she'd expected to see more bright bikinis and skimpy swimsuits. "Like yours," she added, motioning to my striped bandeau top and high-cut

LETTERS

▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL



bottoms. “That’s a sexy suit,” she said. “No one else here looks even half as hot as you.”

She blushed as she spoke, but I quickly commented back, “Only you.”

I still wasn’t sure if she was into women, but I had a feeling that her comment might have meant more. When she smiled coyly at my compliment, I was pretty sure I was right.

I started to flirt more as we talked, and when a game of chicken started in the pool, I suggested we go play. Though Stella is taller than I am by about three inches, I’m very athletic and a strong swimmer, so I volunteered to be the bottom while she sat on my shoulders. She smirked as she agreed to play, but she had no problem jumping onto my back and climbing up on my shoulders.

She teased me as we played with the other couples in the pool, occasionally pushing her feet against my bikini top as if she were going to “accidentally” push it down and sensually running her fingers through my hair, even after I “warned” her what a turn-on that was for me. Not that I was entirely innocent, either. I stroked my fingers along her thighs during lulls in the game, and when I was holding her steady, I occasionally let my hands slide

“STELLA PLACED HER THUMB OVER MY CLIT AND BEGAN TO RUB IT BACK AND FORTH.”

much closer to the edges of her swimsuit bottom than could be considered polite.

By the time we got out of the pool an hour later, we had teased and groped each other so much that other people had begun to notice, so Stella suggested we go somewhere more private. “I have a room right upstairs,” she told me, a flirtatious smile on her face as she spoke.

My purse and clothes were in a locker in the changing room, so I left them there, not wanting to arouse suspicion from anyone about where we were headed.

In the elevator up to her room, Stella kissed me, and when she pulled away, she asked in a whisper, “Was that okay?”

I smiled and nodded, then leaned in and kissed her back.

When the elevator dinged on her floor, we broke apart and looked at each other for a moment before breaking out in giggles. Even though we were adults, we were both still giddy about meeting someone new and immediately getting frisky.

We held hands as we walked down the hall to her room, and she pulled her key card out of her tiny handbag to let us inside.

She mixed us a couple of cocktails from the room’s minibar, and we sat on the edge of the bed and drank them while we talked about how hard it was to pick up women when you didn’t know if they were interested in other ladies. And then, after we drained our glasses, we leaned toward each other and started to kiss.

Alone in Stella’s room, we didn’t have to hold back. Our hands began to roam freely over each other, touching all the skin our swimsuits left exposed and delving even further under the skintight spandex material. Her fingertips grazed my hard nipples before pushing under my top and caressing the undersides of my breasts. I let my fingers slip carefully under the edge of her bottom, loving the firmness of her ass.

I inched my fingers further under her suit to feel more of her butt, then let them move around the edges to the front, until I could feel the tickle of her bush against my fingertips. I bunched up the crotch of her suit then and pushed it between her lips, baring her bushy mound.

Stella’s hands dropped from my breasts as I began to stroke her pubic hair, and she moaned breathily as my hands moved closer to her center. But I kept my hands to the edges of her swimsuit for a long time, never straying too close to her slit. Even my kisses remained off mark. I kissed her neck, her cheek, her ears, her forehead—everywhere but her soft pink mouth. I knew it was torturing her—it was torturing

me, too—but I was determined to draw out our pleasure and drive her crazy.

For five or ten minutes, I continued to do everything but make her come, and she went wild. Soon Stella was panting and gasping and begging me to fuck her, her fingers digging into my arms and her lips chasing after my mouth every time I pulled back and kissed her anywhere but where she wanted me. Her hips were thrusting wildly as she tried to force my fingers inside her, and the mewls she made were so arousing that after a while I couldn't take the sound anymore.

I had no choice but to give in. I ripped the crotch of her swimsuit and thrust three fingers inside her, making her cry out. "More!" she gasped as I wagged them inside her, and I added a fourth finger, stuffing her full. She wasn't satisfied with being the only one on the receiving end, though. After I'd built up a rhythm that she liked, she pushed a hand inside my suit and reached for my pussy to stroke my slick gash.

Her fingers merely danced at my entrance, her touch light and gentle compared to my more vigorous thrusting, but we were giving each other exactly what we wanted. Within moments of her first brush against my pussy, I felt my orgasm begin to build inside me. My juices pooled around her digits, and my stomach tightened in anticipation of my imminent release.

Even while she was stroking me, I never stopped my ministrations. Every so often, she would reward me with an especially deep moan or a loud gasp as I hit a particularly sensitive spot. Stella was definitely very vocal, and the sounds she made only amped up my own orgasm, driving me closer to the edge.

We were lying next to each other on the bed, touching only where our arms crossed to reach each other's pussy, but my entire body was on fire from the connection we'd forged. The way my arousal was racing through me made my skin break out in goose bumps.

Stella placed her thumb over my clit and began to rub it back and forth and round and round. After only a few seconds of her caressing my aroused clit, I felt my insides clench and my juices gushed over her fingers.

Stella took longer to get off. I was already coming down from my sexual high by the time her pussy quivered around my fingers and her orgasmic juices flowing out around my hand and down my wrist.

We lay in bed gasping for breath for a while, and then relaxed for about 20 minutes. When we got up, there was still a wet spot under Stella's hip from how much she'd come.

We took turns showering, and then Stella put on a new swimsuit. We returned to the party, which was still in full swing an hour after we'd vanished.

No one seemed to realize we'd disappeared, either—except Lizzie, who wore a knowing grin when we ran into her at the bar. But she didn't say anything. Well, other than telling Stella

how much she loved her new bathing suit and hoped the other one hadn't been ruined because of anything that had happened at the party. We all laughed over that, and then Lizzie grabbed Stella to introduce her to some other friends while I caught up with some of the newly arrived women who I knew.

I didn't see much of Stella for the rest of the party—we were both busy chatting with other people—but we made sure to exchange numbers before the night ended. We've already texted a few times, and we're planning a long weekend together in the Bahamas, just to get away. And maybe because we both have a thing for hot women in skimpy swimsuits.

—A.D., New York, New York

Have you dabbled in the pleasures of Sappho? Share your tale of titillation by mailing your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department GG, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





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—ZOEY















TOP 10 RAUNCHY RESOLUTIONS

10. Go to a swingers club.
9. Watch my wife get gang-banged.
8. Finally use those handcuffs.
7. Drill the dental hygienist.
6. Double my pleasure with my first DP.
5. Seduce the college kid who delivers my groceries.
4. Play doctor with the cute surgeon next door.
3. Score with my teammate's wife.
2. Convince my girlfriend to have a threesome.
1. Get my story published in *Penthouse Letters*!



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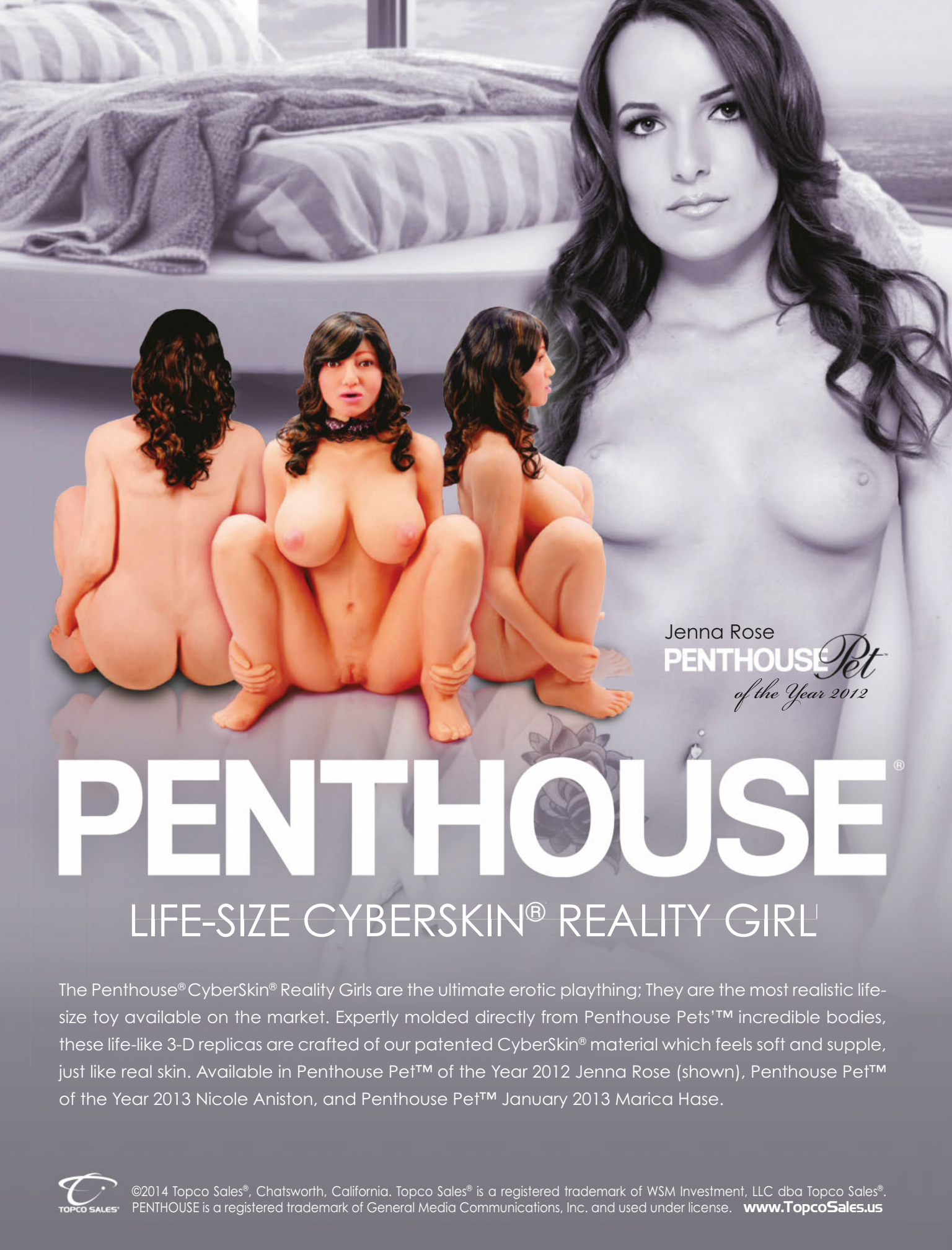


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▾ EDITORS' NOTE

With all of the required holiday festivities, many people claim they're "all tied up." They might be speaking in metaphors, but at *Penthouse Variations* it's nothing but the truth. In this month's S & M Letters, submissives reveal their kinky confessions, where they're held in thrall by their fantasies, their mistress's word, or a length of favorite hemp.

For some, their lusty dreams involve taking on more than one lover. *Penthouse Variations on Three-ways*, a new erotica collection published by Cleis Press, explores a myriad of ménage configurations. This issue features an excerpt from the book, Joe Mason's "Amorous Amazons," in which a dominant wife joins forces with her pervy protégé to deliver a sexy surprise. *Penthouse Variations on Three-ways* is available now at your favorite book retailer.

Don't worry—fans of female submissions are not left out in the cold. Here Deena Roarke tells all about her husband who has a kinky streak a mile wide and delivers a night of deviant delights for his submissive sweetie in "Everything and More."

Have your own sinful story to share? Email us at letters@penthouse.com, and you may see your story in print!

—The Editors



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■ NAUGHTY NEIGHBORS

When my new neighbors moved in across the street, I didn't think much about who they were or what they might be like. I have plenty of friends in my social circle; I wasn't looking for more, and I'm not a snooper by nature. But as I watched the movers carry in their various items of furniture, I felt myself grow a little hot. Not only under the collar, but everywhere. They were bringing in sex gear! There was no doubt about it. Yes, there was a bed, a rocking chair, a sofa, and the rest of the normal flotsam and jetsam of a household. But could there be any other use for that unwieldy piece of equipment than a rack? And wasn't that last item a spanking horse?

I had been reading on my front porch. Now, I was merely pretending to read as I clocked every single item that was carried out of the large van. I've been in several kinky relationships with men who were masters, but I've never owned any of the hardware myself. Most of my playing has taken place at clubs or with makeshift devices. Rope to a headboard. Cuffs to a table leg. This stuff was high-end. These people were clearly serious about their kink. I found myself both impressed and intrigued.

At first, I was so mesmerized by the gear that I didn't notice the actual neighbors. After a few additional interesting items were carried inside, I paid more attention to the couple. The lady of the house would come out to talk to the movers, most likely indicating where she wanted the different items to go. Then the mister would come out. The woman had long reddish-brown hair worn straight to the middle of her back. She was slim and about my age, I thought, mid-20s. Her partner was slightly older, very distinguished-looking even on moving day, which I know from experience can be chaotic. In his dark

slacks and black sweater, he appeared completely in control.

Later that night, I found out why.

The couple spent nearly all day with the movers. By nightfall, the van was emptied, the workers had left, and the duo was on their own in the new house. I was pleased to see that the one thing they hadn't taken care of yet was the curtains. My bedroom window faced theirs, and I perched on my window seat and watched. They'd set the large bed against one wall, and the piece of furniture I'd guessed was a spanking horse had taken up residence in the corner.

I watched the lights go on and off in different windows. Were they christening

**“HE BOUND HER
THE WAY HE
WANTED HER,
AND THEN HE
BEGAN TO
TORMENT HER.”**

the rooms one by one? I was betting—and hoping—that they'd end up in the bedroom, and they didn't disappoint me. When they walked in the door, I saw that the man was still dressed in his dark clothes, but the woman was naked, save for a slim collar around her neck. Her skin was pale, almost luminous. The man seemed to be giving her commands. I wished like hell I could hear what he was saying. The woman crawled on the floor toward him, then undid his slacks and drew out his cock. Even from my vantage point, I could tell that he was the proud owner of something fairly mammoth.

She began to blow him, while I began

to touch myself. All day, I'd been in a state of fiery anticipation. Now that I could see what they were doing, I felt as if all my nerve endings were applauding at once. He let her get him nice and drippy, and then he issued another command. She was quick to behave, crawling to the horse and draping herself in place. He bound her the way he wanted her, and then he began to torment her with various items: a crop, a cat-o'-nine-tails, a flogger.

I found myself impressed with his prowess, as well as their ability to put their hands on the kinky S&M gear the very night of their move. The last time I'd moved, it had taken me a week to find my hairbrush. But these people had all their devices at the ready.

Then I found myself simply impressed with him. He wielded each implement like a pro. At that moment, I would have paid money for a ringside seat in the room with them. Even merely to stand in a corner and watch would have been delightful. I didn't need to participate.

When she was well punished, pink and striped, he let her free. Her cheeks were flushed. I wondered if there were tears in her eyes. I'd have to invest in binoculars, I decided.

He took her to the bed and spread her out. It was more difficult for me to see now, but I could imagine the dialogue they might be engaging in. “You were so good for me,” he would say. “You get your reward now.”

He stripped and joined her on the bed. I realized I had my hand in my panties and I was tugging on my pussy lips, toggling my clit. I couldn't take much more. He was pinching her nipples. She had her hair whipping this way and that. Suddenly, I had a brainwave. Neighbors often greet the newcomers, right? I hurried to my closet and searched until I found my favorite black catsuit. I zipped myself in quickly, then went to the kitchen to find a bottle of champagne I'd been saving for a special occasion. What

could be more special than new S&M neighbors on the block?

I hurried across the small street and knocked on the door. I knew it would take them a moment. They were naked, after all, and probably a bit damp from their exertions. But I heard his voice call out, "Hold on. Be right there." And I put on my best submissive smile.

When he opened the door, I would lower my head, look up at him through my dark lashes, and whisper, "Welcome, new neighbor. How can I be of service?"

—J.R., San Diego, California



■ DANGEROUS DESIRE

It never occurred to me that I was what you'd call submissive. I didn't know there was a specific name for the way my fantasies ran. I'd always found myself with bossy girlfriends, women who knew what they wanted and were never afraid to tell me. I was fine following their lead, trailing them where they wanted to go. But for some reason, these dominant desires never continued into the bedroom. There, I'd be the one in charge, or we'd be equals. Somehow their attitudes got stripped away along with their clothes. That's just how things always went—until Melanie.

With her, things were the opposite. She was docile when we went out. Whatever I wanted to do was fine with her. Bowling? Sure. To the movies? Fine. It wasn't that she didn't have an opinion, but that she seemed to be indulging me. I found her attitude charming, yet curious. She was so different from my normal "type." She almost seemed old-fashioned, often slipping on a pair of pristine white gloves when we were out. The way she behaved intrigued me. I wanted to know her better.

We didn't fuck right away. But there was kissing, and that's when things got really strange. Instead of being equals here, or even with me taking charge

of her pleasure, she was ravenous. A hellion. I found myself breathless and rock-hard after every make-out session. My lips would feel bruised. My whole body responded in a new way to her kisses. I couldn't get enough. I thought about her mouth when we were apart, fantasized about the way her eyes looked. So blue and bright. As if they held all the secrets to my every fantasy.

Then we took things to a new level.

She invited me up to her bedroom after a night of dancing. I had been to her place before, but never to the upstairs. She seemed excited to show me her sanctuary, and I was raring to see it. But when we got to the doorway, I had to pause. This was a girl who wore dresses dotted with pansies. This was a lady who had little white gloves tucked in her scarlet handbag. What was she doing with a bed like that? There were handcuffs attached to the headboard and leather thongs on the posts at the foot of the bed. Did she keep the place like that generally? Or had she prepared something special for me?

"I like you, Dave," she said, and then she nuzzled against me, kitten-like, as usual. "But if we're going to take things to the next step in our relationship, I thought it would be best for me to be totally honest about what I'm into."

"What are you into?" My voice was rough with lust and anticipation.

She indicated the bed. The bondage devices. Then she looked at me. "I'm a domme all the way. Are you game?"

I said "yes" before I realized my mouth was moving. Yes. I was game. This is what I'd always dreamed of, what I'd been waiting for: a woman who would take charge of me in the bedroom. She asked me to undress, and then she stepped aside. I took my clothes off while she watched intently. She had magically transformed from the woman I'd been dating the past few weeks into the lover of my most wicked dreams. There was nothing docile about her, nothing at all. She seemed completely powerful, totally in control. My hard-on was instantaneous. I was desperate to be her plaything.

When I was entirely naked, she walked around me slowly. I could feel her eyes on me. It was the most erotic sensation. She hadn't touched me with her hands, only with her gaze, and yet I felt more excited than I could ever remember being in a bedroom setting. Finally, she seemed to have reached a decision, and she said, "On my bed, on your back." I hurried to obey. She usually spoke in a low, almost melodious tone. Now, she sounded crisp and efficient. I wanted to please her.

She didn't bind me right away. Instead, she observed me as she had while I was standing. My cock was pointing to her ceiling. My breaths were quick and

VARIATIONS

▷ S&M



erratic, as if I'd raced up the stairs. She smiled at me, and she let her fingertips trail along my chest. I shivered at her touch.

"Have you ever done anything like this before?" she asked me.

"Only in my dreams," I told her honestly. "I'll need a safeword."

I knew what that was, but I'd never thought of what mine might be. I hesitated a moment, then said, "Electric." Because that's how I felt. As if she'd turned me on. She seemed to like that, because she nodded and then got to work fastening my wrists over my head and my ankles to the posts of her bed. She did the work quickly and efficiently, and I wondered for a second how many other lovers she had bound to her mattress.

She gave me a wry smile and then said, "You want to ask me something, don't you?"

I swallowed hard. How had she known? She drew her fingers up and down the length of my dick.

"You thought I was this nice, sweet chick, right?"

I nodded. Her eyes hardened. I said, "Yes, Ma'am," and a light spread over her features.

"I am," she said. "When we go out,

"I COULD FEEL THAT TIGHTENING SENSATION INSIDE ME, THE ONE THAT SIGNALLED MY CLIMAX."

that's how I'll be. I don't need to bark orders. I don't have to be in charge all the time. But in the bedroom, this is what I like." She slid on one of those white gloves of hers, and she began to majestically milk my hard-on. I was transported. I had never had anything like this happen to me before. She used the slippery wetness of my pre-come as lube, rubbing it in as she pumped my shaft.

"There are all sorts of games we can play," she said. "But tonight, we'll go slow. This is your first time, isn't it?"

I started to nod, and then caught myself. "Yes, Ma'am," I told her.

"Good boy."

She jerked me off until I was on the

culsp of coming. Then she met my eyes and said, "Don't."

"Don't..." I echoed.

"Don't climax until I give you permission."

I found myself in a very tense spot.

"I should have given you more information," she said, and she resumed the handjob. I could hardly think straight. She was stroking me softly, a little too softly to get me off. But my whole body felt as if I were poised on the cliff of something major. As if I might dive into a pure turquoise pool of pleasure at any second.

"The thing is," she continued, "if you want to be with me, I'll expect your obedience. If you obey my commands, I will reward you. If you fail me, I'll have to punish you." She made a faux sad face. My balls tightened.

"How do you feel about that?" she asked. Her free hand wandered down between my thighs. Her fingertip probed my anus. I issued a sigh and a sob simultaneously.

"I expect answers to my questions," she said, and her voice was both cool and almost bored-sounding at the same time, as if she couldn't believe she had to explain something so simple.

"I know," I told her. "I understand. It's just that..." I wasn't sure how to put what I was feeling into words. "I want to please you," I said, "and I don't mind if you punish me, but the thing is, I'm going to come if you keep doing that."

"I told you what would happen."

My mind was racing with pictures of what she might mean by her threat. How would she punish me? Was it impolite to ask her? I wanted to, desperately, so I took a risk, and I said, "Ma'am? How?"

She gave me that look of hers, calculating, piercing, and then she said, "All sorts of ways. You try me. You disobey, and then we'll see exactly what type of sticky situation you find yourself in."

Sticky sounded swell to me.

She was touching my backdoor with

expert slowness, and I could feel that tightening sensation inside me, the one that signaled my impending climax. I knew I was going to shoot off at any moment. I would coat her gloved hand with my cream. What would she do then? She wouldn't be able to wear the gloves on the subway. I would have defiled them. I felt a kind of happy warmth build inside me. This was dirty, so dirty, and I was beyond aroused.

She pushed a little harder with her fingertip against my asshole, and that did it. I came, bucking as high as my bonds would allow, creaming all over her glove exactly as I'd thought I would.

I wondered how she would react, my proper mistress, my beautiful domme. She stripped and climbed on top of me, facing me with her pussy against my chest, and she said, "I promised you a sticky situation, didn't I?"

I nodded and said, "Yes, Ma'am."

Then she spun and presented me with her backdoor. "Rim me until I say stop," she said, and then she muffled me with her sweet cheeks and I started to lap at her beautiful asshole. And as I did, I thought it's always the shy ones who surprise you, the quiet ones who have their finger on your pulse.

—D.M., via email

■ ALL TIED UP

When I told Joanna I was going to be tied up at work on Friday, she gave me a look. "No really," I said. "I have so much going on this week. You wouldn't believe my schedule."

"I believe you," she told me. "But I also believe that you'll be tied up this weekend."

I didn't understand her at first. I rarely have to donate weekend hours to the office. But I didn't say anything. Later that day, her words made more sense. I

was in between meetings, and I hopped on my phone to check email. There was a note from Joanna, the subject line stating: All Tied Up. Inside the email, was a picture of rope. I actually giggled, then put a hand to my mouth. I wondered what my coworkers would think if they knew what I'd received. It wasn't easy, but I forced myself to return to thoughts of market reports. Yet, I kept slipping up. I said "rope" when I meant "route." I said "handcuffs" when I meant "hamstrung." Finally, I excused myself from the boardroom and splashed water on my face. In the executive washroom, I texted Joanna.

"You're destroying my concentration," I told her.

"Good," she replied.

I managed to make it through the rest of the afternoon without any further slips of the tongue. Then I hurried to my car and drove home, thoughts of the kinky ways Joanna and I might spend the weekend filling my mind. She definitely

was thinking ahead. When I got home, I found a pair of handcuffs hanging from the front door. What would our neighbors think if they saw them? I grabbed them and hurried inside. My first instruction was written on a note on our end table. In Joanna's neat handwriting, the words read: *Take off your clothes. Put on the cuffs.*

I did as the note described, hearing my mistress's voice in my head as I kicked off my heels, pulled down my pantyhose, and shed my work attire. I wondered where she was. Had she left this note for me before going to work? Or was she somewhere in the house, waiting, maybe even watching. Once the cuffs were in place, I hesitated. What should I do next? I decided to go in search of another note. I didn't have to look far. On the floor on the way toward our bedroom was a white piece of paper. On the paper was the solitary word: *Crawl.*

I crawled, all the way to the bedroom, and I could tell how wet my pussy was



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↘ S&M



“HER FINGERS WANDERED UP AND DOWN MY SPLIT, ELICITING A FLOOD OF JUICES FROM ME.”

as I moved. We'd always played unusual games. But this was new. Joanna had tied me down once, had blindfolded me and made love to me. But she had been present for the entire scenario. I was on my own right now, alone with my thoughts, my desires, my arousal.

In the bedroom, I sucked in my breath. Joanna had gone all out. Our normal floral bedspread was gone, replaced by a shiny black comforter. The lights were dim. There was a hank of rope by the bedside table. And there was my girl—not in her usual work attire of an expensive

suit and a silk tie—but in head-to-toe dominant gear. She looked like a pinup from the 1950s. She had on a tight, black dress and extremely high black heels. I had an urgent desire to kiss and lick those shoes. How strange. I'd never done anything like that before.

Joanna smirked at me, as if she could read all of my inner X-rated desires. Then she let me in on the rest of her plan. While I'd been gone, she had attached a hook to one of our walls. Now, she had me stand facing her and hold my wrists over my head. The hook worked perfectly to capture the chain. I was impressed with her planning, and so fucking turned on I couldn't speak. I guessed my emotions were written on my face because Joanna said, “I know you're excited, aren't you?”

“Yes,” I whispered.

“Good,” she responded, before tickling my clit. Her knowledgeable fingers wandered up and down my split, eliciting a flood of juices from me. I found myself beating a rhythm with my ass against the wall, pushing forward to gain contact with her wriggling fingertips. Only when I was truly teetering on the brink of bliss

did Joanna move aside. “Now prepare yourself for the main event,” she said.

While I watched, she lifted her dress. As soon as the hem met her waist, her secret sprang free. She was wearing one of her strap-ons. I pressed my thighs together in anticipation. Joanna came forward and teased my pussy with her synthetic cockhead. Then she speared me, as if I'd been hung on the wall by my wrists for her pleasure. As if I were a piece of art for her to use and abuse.

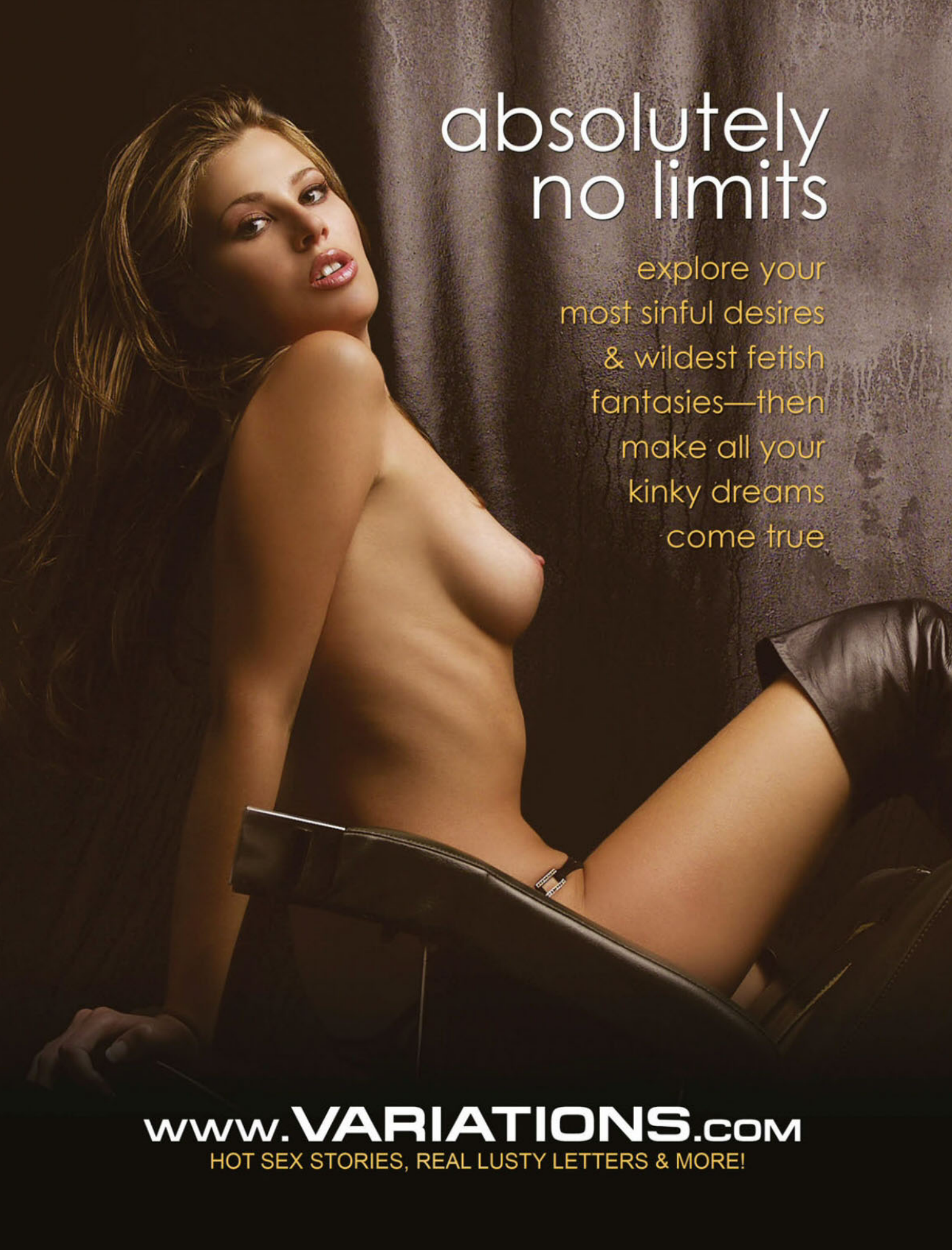
I closed my eyes and rolled with the sensations as they flooded through me. I loved the way my wrists felt in the chrome cuffs, adored the way Joanna's body rutted against mine—her shimmery dress rustling and that powerful cock filling me. She had gotten me into such a state with her teasing emails and probing fingertips that my climax raced through me like wildfire. When I came, she seemed to know. She held still inside me for a beat, and then she rotated her hips so that her beautiful dick touched all my private places. I sagged with release, the cuffs barely keeping me upright. Joanna unfastened my bonds, then brought me to the bed and spread me out on the mattress.

This was where the rope came into play. She bound my wrists and my ankles, crisscrossing my body and making me feel as if I were in the center of a wonderful web. When I was entirely immobile, she explained the rest of her hedonistic plans. I definitely was going to be all tied up for the weekend.

That's what she'd promised me and that's what I was.

—M.R., Chicago, Illinois

Do you have the kind of sex life that involves taking or giving orders as part of giving and receiving pleasure? Where being bound sets you free? Share your kinks with your fellow readers. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is reclining in a black leather chair. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing a black strapless top and black leather boots. The background is a dark, textured wall.

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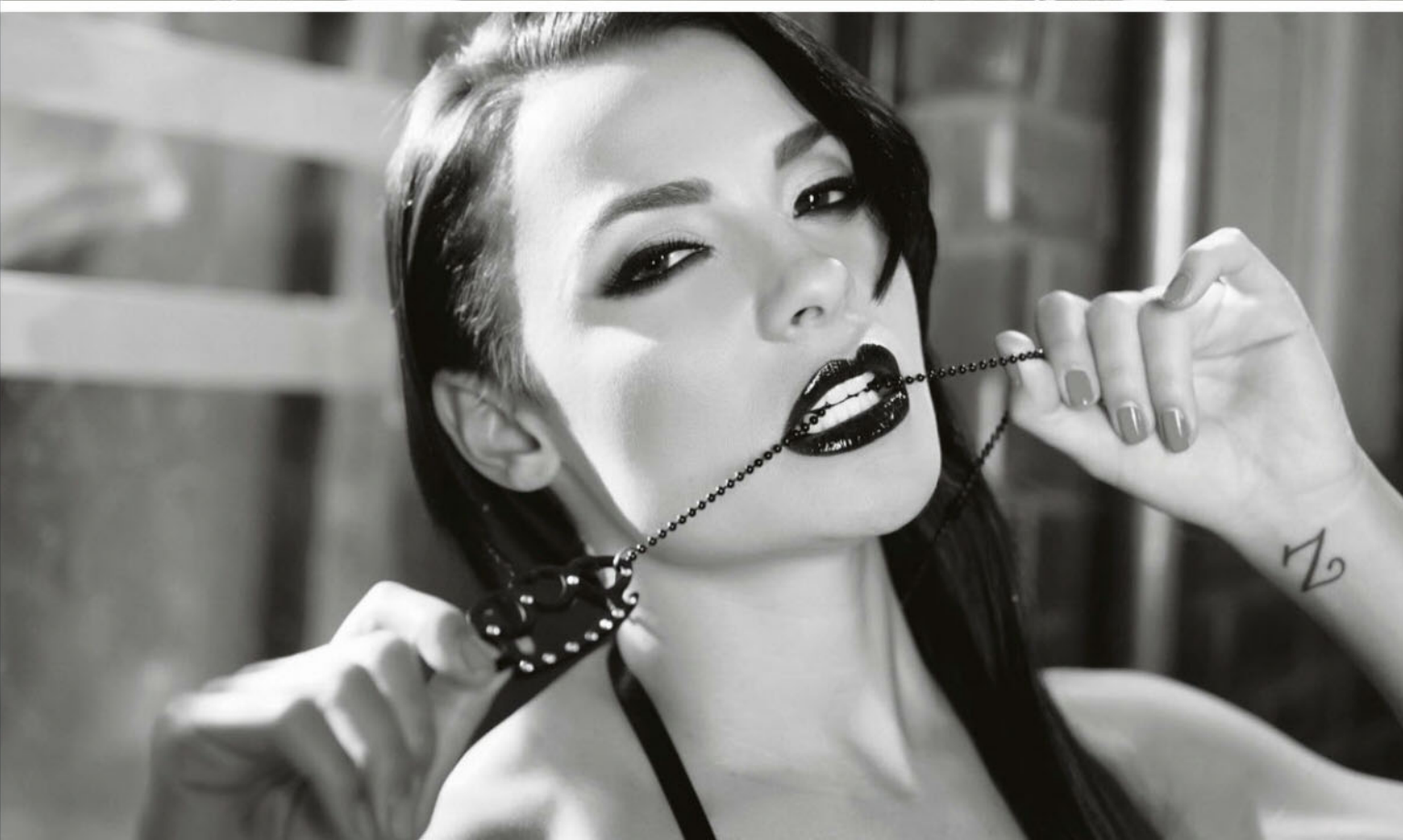


CALL OF THE WILD

A KINKY CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, KRISTA IS ON THE PROWL FOR HER NEXT QUARRY.









“BEWARE, BAD BOY.
I’VE GOT YOUR NUMBER!”

—KRISTA









MY AMOROUS AMAZONS

A blindfolded man is treated to the ultimate ménage by his inventive wife and her pervy protégée.

By Joe Mason

My wife is a confident, powerful and beautiful woman. Back when we were dating, I often wondered how I'd gotten so lucky. Oh, I'd dated beautiful women before, and I'm not all that bad looking myself. There is, however, a physical difference between us that sometimes causes people to wonder what she's doing with me. Suzanne is a statuesque six feet tall, while I am about five-foot-seven if I stand up very straight. Add to this the fact that she always wears high heels, and you can understand why we often draw second glances from strangers. But neither of us cares the least bit what others think because we've developed a mutually satisfying, loving relationship that fulfills our deepest needs.

We recently celebrated our tenth wedding anniversary, and she gave me a better gift than I could have ever dreamed of receiving. The evening started out fairly low-key, with dinner at our favorite restaurant. Suzanne seemed particularly amorous all the way home. Once we got inside our front door, she showed me how hot she had become, pulling me close and kissing me long and hard.

Then she smiled and pulled a scarf from her pocket.

"Wait," she said softly. "I have a surprise for you tonight. Let's go to the room."

She blindfolded me with the scarf and led me into our special room, a spare bedroom we had outfitted with a variety of accoutrements to enhance our sexual play. I heard her strike a match and caught a whiff of scented candles. Then there was a rustle of clothing that sounded like she was removing

her dress. I soon knew I had guessed correctly as she kissed me lightly on the cheek and I felt her bare breast touching my arm. I was feeling a bit frustrated with the blindfold on, now that I knew Suzanne had undressed, because looking at her naked is one of my greatest pleasures. She has, as I mentioned, a statuesque body, generously endowed with sumptuous breasts and a nice round ass. Her great legs seem to go on forever, especially in the four-inch heels

**"LOOKING FROM
ONE BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN TO THE
OTHER, MY MIND
BEGAN TO RACE."**

she always wears in "the room." My cock was beginning to stiffen at the thought of what she might look like at that moment.

"Stay still now," she said. "Don't try to touch me."

This was a game we would often play: She loves to be the boss, and I am happy to let her take charge. Slowly, she began to undress me. She removed my shirt, gliding her hands lightly over my chest, tickling the hairs around my nipples. She continued with great care, undoing my belt, untying my shoes and helping me out of them, and sliding my socks off my feet. She stopped and breathed into my ear, her tongue flicking inside it, warm

and wet. "Just back up and lie down now," she whispered.

I backed up and felt the mattress behind me. As soon as I lay down, I heard her climb onto the bed. She pulled my pants down over my hips, and I felt her long hair brush against my bare thighs as she arranged my legs. Smooth hands caressed me, sliding up under the legs of my boxer shorts, fingernails lightly raking my flesh underneath them. The shorts were quickly yanked off and my cock sprang out, hard and standing straight up, begging to be touched.

My prayers were briefly answered when soft lips closed around the end of my shaft and a tongue lightly caressed the head before quickly releasing it. "You tease!" I muttered. "That's torture."

"Just relax and enjoy it," Suzanne purred.

I felt the warmth of her body near me and could smell her strong perfume—she was wearing a totally new scent that night—and I longed to reach out and stroke her. But before I could move, I felt her fasten my wrist in a tight cuff that I knew was attached to one of the bedposts. I smiled with anticipation. This was a big part of her power trip and a favorite game of mine. She quickly fastened my other wrist and did the same with each of my ankles. I lay there spread-eagled, naked and blind in the fragrant darkness, hoping desperately that Suzanne would soon take pity on my raging erection.

With great relief, I felt her position herself on the mattress. I felt her warm breath against my skin, and once again velvet lips encircled the head of my cock. Her tongue swirled around the crown, causing me to moan softly, and then she swiftly and suddenly swallowed my entire



length deep into her throat. Drawing her mouth back up slowly, lips wrapped tightly around the shaft, she again flicked her tongue back and forth over the ridge. I moaned with pleasure and tried to reach out, only to be quickly reminded that my hands were bound to the bedposts.

Using only her mouth, she pumped my cock up and down violently, her efforts shaking the bed. She would follow several fast, short strokes with a long plunge, taking me fully into her throat. Then she would pull up slowly, repeat her fast strokes, and again dive down deep. It was a different technique than she normally used, and I liked it—though I wondered where she'd suddenly learned it. But my concerns were minor, as I lay back and enjoyed the sensation of my cock being slowly and lovingly devoured over and over again.

She didn't touch me except with her mouth. I felt her near me on the bed, but I couldn't understand exactly how she was positioned because her long hair wasn't touching me as it normally would. I couldn't give this much thought, however, as I became increasingly distracted by my throbbing cock and the tingling in my balls.

Suzanne must have sensed my urgency because she began to move more quickly, her mouth massaging my

entire shaft. With her pace quickening, her saliva was making moist, slurping noises as she rapidly changed directions. I knew I wouldn't last much longer.

"I'm...gonna...come!" I gasped. I strained against my bonds, knowing I couldn't move but desperately trying to grab her head and hold it where it was. The best I could accomplish was to arch my back a bit and pump my hips ineffectually at her mouth. She was holding about half of my erection between her lips when my body started to spasm, and I exploded into her throat. Stream after stream of come surged out of me. After several jets of semen entered her mouth, I felt her let go and put my spurting rod against her chest, rubbing me back and forth until I had spent my load. I was a little surprised at this because Suzanne usually swallowed every drop.

As I lay there catching my breath, I began to relax, drifting into that warm afterglow and enjoying the feeling of contentment. I felt Suzanne move her hips over mine and straddle my stomach while she removed my blindfold. The scarf fell away to reveal her smiling face above me in the flickering candlelight. She was wearing her favorite outfit: only her garter belt, stockings and heels. I noticed, however, that her tits were dry,

when they should have been wet and covered with semen.

"Was that good?" she cooed.

"Oh, yes!" I gasped.

Then she moved off of me, lying on her side next to me.

"Well, you'd better thank Jennifer then," she said with a nod over her shoulder.

I turned to look and there, standing at the side of the bed, was a tall, slim young woman I recognized as Suzanne's friend and protégée from the office. She was a new junior executive at the firm, only a year out of business school. Suzanne was serving as her professional mentor and now, it appeared, her personal mentor, as well. This was a training exercise of which I heartily approved. Looking from one beautiful woman to the other, my mind began to race, imagining what might be in store for me. The options were lusty and many, but I willed myself to relax and surrender to their sensual plans—whatever they might be.

After I had finally overcome my initial shock, I drank in the scene with delight. Jennifer was wearing a red ribbon tied around her neck—I guess because she was my present. Drops of my semen covered her chest and chin, glistening in the dim light. Like Suzanne, she was dressed in a garter belt and stockings, and was also as tall as my wife, well over six feet in the stiletto pumps she was wearing—but that's where the resemblance ended. Unlike my curvaceous middle-aged wife, Jennifer was a slim, coltish girl in her 20s with tiny, perky tits that seemed to be all nipples—nipples that were erect and sticking out like little rubber spikes. Her lean thighs and narrow hips made a delicious contrast to Suzanne's voluptuous form, just as her pixie-short blonde hair differed from my wife's luxurious, dark mane.

"Happy anniversary!" Jennifer said with a giggle, kissing me on the cheek. She looked at Suzanne and, with a nod from my wife, climbed onto the bed and moved up by my head. Turning her ass to

VARIATIONS

▾ BOOK EXCERPT

me, she swung a leg over my head and straddled me so that her tight little butt was inches from my face.

"Now it's your turn, honey," I heard Suzanne say. "I'm trying to introduce Jennifer to some new activities she can try with her boyfriends. Make our guest feel welcome and rim her out a little."

With that, Jennifer lowered her sweet ass so that she was sitting on my face. I felt completely captive, my body pinned to the bed by my bonds and my head held in place between her supple thighs. I couldn't raise my head, but I poked my tongue out as far as I could and began to plant wet kisses all around her asshole. Then I ran my tongue along the line where her ass met the tops of her thighs. When I had covered as much as I could reach, she shifted her position and let me continue running my tongue up her crack. I felt my cock awakening again.

"Very good, sweetie," Suzanne said from somewhere nearby. "Somehow I knew you'd love licking her ass. Now tongue-fuck her. Let her feel your tongue sliding in and out of her ass like a little cock."

I drove my face between her cheeks as best I could and forced my tongue into her anus. Lapping at her rosebud, I alternately rimmed around the edge and probed it with my tongue. She pushed down, nearly covering my whole face, and I began to poke my tongue in and out as quickly as I could. Jennifer was moaning and wiggling against me, and I felt proud that I could elicit such a response from this beautiful goddess.

My cock was getting harder. I wanted badly to grab it—anything to release some tension—but the way they had me bound, I could barely move a muscle.

I suddenly felt a wet, searing heat against my shaft. Suzanne had climbed onto the bed and was straddling my waist. With my cock lying erect against my stomach, my wife's cunt lips were caressing the underside of the shaft. She let them slide slowly upward, first

touching my balls and then moving her wetness all the way up near the crown. I started writhing desperately, trying to push the head inside her, but it was hopeless—I was held too firmly in place. She moved around a little more, as if positioning herself, and finally came to rest with her labia caressing the middle of my shaft on each side, and my cockhead squeezed up between my stomach and her pubic hair.

I could sense some activity going on above me but, secured as I was, I couldn't see a thing except Jennifer's ass. Finally, she leaned forward a bit, and I caught a glimpse of the mirrored ceiling.

"I COULD ONLY WATCH AS THESE TWO IMPERIOUS WOMEN MADE PASSIONATE LOVE."

My wife and her young friend, as they sat astride me, were making out furiously. They were kissing deeply, their tongues exploring each other's mouths and their hands roaming over each other's breasts. After seeing a few seconds of this, the pressure in my cock was becoming unbearable.

As I contemplated this exquisite torture, Jennifer abruptly rose off me and moved down to where Suzanne still sat atop me.

"You've been so good, sweetheart," Suzanne said to me with a smile. "It's time you got a reward." Turning to Jennifer, she added, "This is one of my favorite parts."

She then raised on her haunches and,

taking my eager cock in her hand, guided it between her pussy lips. I let out a gasp as the head finally penetrated her cunt, and Suzanne paused for a second. Then she lowered her hips very slowly until she had enveloped the full length of me. I wanted to immediately start thrusting wildly and tried, but my bonds were so tight I could barely move my hips an inch off the bed. My wife slowly rose again until my cock reappeared, inch by inch. Adding to my sweet agony, when she reached the top, she jerked upward and let me fall out of her.

I cried out in dismay, but she simply turned to her friend and said, "Now you." My wife moved off me, and Jennifer took her place straddling my waist. She took the same approach as her mentor, reaching for my cock and guiding it to her opening. She seemed more eager than Suzanne, however, as she quickly lowered her hips and swallowed me to the hilt.

It was an amazing sensation. She was perhaps a bit wetter inside than my wife, but tighter nonetheless. Her hard nipples were pointing straight out above me, and I wanted more than anything to be able to reach up and grab them, even suck them, just touch them any way I could. As I writhed beneath her, unsuccessfully trying to move inside her even a bit, she looked me straight in the eyes, smiled devilishly, and then flexed the muscles of her vagina, seizing my shaft in a vise-like grip for a second before relaxing. My eyes rolled back in my head as I pulled against my restraints, gasping for breath. Then, like Suzanne had done, she slowly slid off me, leaving my poor cock out in the cold again.

She moved to the side, and Suzanne took her place. She repeated the same torturous technique, inserting my rock-hard dick into her cunt for a moment and releasing it, only to be replaced by Jennifer again. They repeated this over and over, switching places on my cock several times, until I was practically



screaming with a combination of pleasure and disappointment.

Finally, they both slid off the mattress and stood together at the side of the bed. Their faces were flushed, and they were breathing heavily. No doubt they had enjoyed this almost as much as I had. I looked at my wife hopefully. Perhaps now I would finally get to relieve the tension in my cock.

Suzanne read my mind and gently ordered me to hold off. "Not yet, my love," she said. "Ladies first."

With that she took Jennifer's hand and led her toward the big couch on the opposite side of the room. I watched their sweet asses swaying in unison as they sashayed across the floor, their gorgeous legs looking a mile long in their heels. Suzanne positioned Jennifer on her back on the couch and then climbed atop her in the 69 position. I could barely move far enough to see, but my eyeballs were popping out of my head. I was desperate to rub myself against something—anything—but my shackles made it impossible.

I could only watch as these two imperious women made passionate love. They had delayed their gratification

as long as I had, and it showed in the way they hungrily devoured each other. Sounds of moaning, licking and sighing filled the room as my wife and her young protégée brought each other to orgasm again and again.

When they finally got up from the couch, I had a dull ache in my balls from being so stimulated without being able to come. I gratefully watched the two of them approach the bed. I was too dazed to even speak.

Suzanne took a vibrator from the drawer of the bedside table. Jennifer stood aside as my wife turned it on and slid the vibrator up my thigh toward my crotch. Again and again she did this from both sides. Finally, she ran the rumbling toy up the shaft of my cock, and I moaned loudly at the sensation.

"Do you like that, honey?" she said. The question did not need an answer, but I nodded my head anyway. As she continued to rub the head of the vibrator against the underside of my penis, Jennifer began stroking my shaft with her hand. "Okay, darling," Suzanne cooed as Jennifer started to jerk me off rapidly. "You can come now."

I instantly erupted. The release was

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incredible, and jet after jet of hot semen splashed onto my stomach. "Good boy," my wife purred. I'd never come like that before. I felt faint and dizzy, but the feeling was wonderful. Jennifer milked every last drop of fluid out of my twitching cock, but the spasms continued until I was exhausted.

As I lay there panting, Suzanne pulled Jennifer to her and thrust her tongue down her throat in a passionate kiss.

Later, after I expressed my delight to Suzanne over Jennifer's "progress," the three of us got together again—only this time Jennifer requested that she be the one shackled to the bed.

From *Penthouse Variations on Three-ways* (Cleis Press) on sale now at your favorite bookstore and Amazon.com. 



EVERYTHING AND MORE

A husband with a kinky streak a mile wide delivers a night of deviant delights for his submissive sweetie.

By Deena Roarke

My coworkers were in the middle of teasing me about turning 30 when a uniformed courier arrived. He shut down the conversation quickly with his air of self-importance as he had me sign on the dotted line to accept a gift sent by my husband.

"What'd you get?" Shelly asked me.

"That Todd is some classy guy," said Frank.

All of my coworkers oohed and ahhed, the way people do when something unexpected breaks up a busy day. They'd already wished me happy birthday with glazed donuts and confetti on my desk. Now, there was a present! I knew better than to open the gift in front of an audience, though. Where Todd is concerned, things can get kinky fairly quickly. He goes from zero to bondage in a heartbeat, which is thrilling when we're alone, but I didn't need to give my team a glimpse into my private fantasies.

"Don't you want to see what you got?" Shelly asked me. She had a slightly envious look on her face. I tried to remember what her husband had done for her last birthday. Had he taken her to dinner? A show? Camping? There'd been no hand-delivered present, that's for sure. I could guess that whatever was in my box would shock her.

"I'll open it later," I said. "I've got a lot on my plate."

"Like birthday cake?" she quipped.

"Birthday donut," I replied, biting into the pink confection with colorful sprinkles. She seemed satisfied with that answer, and I returned to the marketing plan I was working on. That is, I hoped I looked as if I were focused on the file in front of me. In reality, I couldn't wait to

see what item my husband had thought important enough to require special delivery.

When the rest of the team went for coffee at the café downstairs, they asked me to join them. "Birthday mocha," Freddy bribed. "All work and no play..." chimed Jasmine. I refused. I told them I wanted to finish my work and be able to leave on time for once. As soon as they left me alone, I grabbed the box. What had Todd sent me? I slid my scissors

"TODD WASN'T READY FOR ME TO REACH MY FIRST ORGASM OF THE EVENING. NOT YET."

beneath the wrapping, cutting the silver paper open and revealing a box from my favorite sex toy store. I'd been right not to open this in front of anyone.

Inside, nestled in lavender tissue, was the most beautiful set of cuffs I'd ever seen. They were rose-colored leather complete with chrome buckles and connected by a short chain. I swallowed hard and stroked the fine material. Nobody was in the office. I had a few minutes. Carefully, I lifted the cuffs from the box and put them on. Just to test the feel, I told myself. Just to experience the weight of them. I was able to buckle one, but to properly fasten the other, I'd

require someone else's assistance.

That's when my phone started to vibrate. I took the cuffs off quickly and hid them in my purse. Then I answered. It was Todd. He said, "Did you like your present?"

"Yeah," I whispered, my voice silky from excitement.

"Just wait until tonight," he said.

"There's more."

"More?" I echoed.

I remembered my last birthday event. Turning 29 was a big deal. Todd had whisked me off to a hotel room in Las Vegas with mirrors on the ceiling. That might have been kitschy enough for some couples, making love while occasionally sneaking peeks at their reflections writhing on a king-size bed. But Todd had more complicated fantasies. After taking me out for a night of deliriously sensual dancing, he'd brought me back to the room for a kinky dessert.

To my delight, he'd tied me down on the bed, and then insisted I watch in the mirror while he settled himself between my legs and dined on my shaved split. Keeping my eyes focused on my own reflection had been a type of erotic torture. I'd wanted to close my eyes so badly, had wished for a blindfold so that I would not have a choice in the matter. Whenever Todd sensed that I'd disobeyed him and shut my eyes, he'd responded with a variety of actions. First, he'd used nipple clamps. Then a clamp on my clit.

My climax had ultimately been so intense I'd never forgotten the way the sensations had felt. It was as if a tsunami of pleasure had crashed over me, as if all other orgasms up until that point had been practice for that incredible moment.

Now, I'd lost myself in a momentary



VARIATIONS

▾ BONDAGE



lapse of memory. Todd said, “Come on, baby. You know me. Of course, there’s more.”

I was about to respond when a second courier arrived. Todd is an architect, and he has a way with orchestrating events. Building from the ground up. I signed for the package while Todd waited patiently on his end of the phone.

“Open this one while you talk to me,” he instructed. I cradled the phone against my shoulder, and I cut the ties of the string with my desk scissors before tearing into the wrapping.

Within this box was a blindfold. I was sensing a theme. Todd said, “Do you like it? Do you like the bling?” The blindfold was edged in rhinestones. The fabric was black velvet, sensuously soft beneath my fingertips.

“Yes,” I told him, sighing as I hissed the word. I had my thighs pressed tight together beneath my pencil skirt. I was alit with desire, my nerve endings firing fast. He was going to cuff me and blindfold me tonight. What else might he do? I wanted to ask him, but he began rapidly giving me instructions, speaking so fast I had to pay attention, lest I miss an important detail.

“Bring the blindfold to the bathroom with you,” he said.

I did as he asked with my heart racing.

When I was safely ensconced in the stall furthest from the door, he said, “Put the blindfold on, and then let me know when you’re ready.” I set down the phone and affixed the blindfold. Against my face, the fabric felt even more luxurious. I lifted the phone and quietly told him that I was ready.

“Touch yourself,” he said. “Stroke your breasts through your blouse. Slip one hand down your waistband and into your panties. Get yourself wet for me. Imagine that I’m there watching you.”

I obeyed every order, thinking that this was easier for me than if Todd actually were watching. I was safe in the private stall, but listening to his every command. I felt the pulse beating in my temples. I felt juices flood my pussy. Todd said, “Get yourself off now—and know that I will be the one to make you come tonight. Your wrists will be bound, the blindfold will be in place, and I will be in charge of your pleasure. Every last fucking second of it.”

I came at his words, my heart racing. I didn’t make a sound, biting down on the insides of my cheeks to stifle a cry. My

fingers were slick with my juices. I felt hot and sweaty, and I hoped I’d be able to blend back in with my coworkers for the rest of the afternoon. Would they know what I’d done? Would they guess?

Todd told me he loved me, and we promised to be home at the same time that evening. Then I pulled off the blindfold and went to the sink to wash my hands and make myself presentable. I stared at my reflection. My eyes were huge and liquid. My cheeks were rosy pink. I splashed water on my face, and then glanced in the mirror again. No change. It was clear to me what I’d just done. I looked as if I’d had an intense orgasm, which I had. But then my work friends didn’t know what I looked like post-sex. Maybe they’d think I was simply excited by my birthday.

I had to bank on that.

When my coworkers returned from their coffee break, I was working at my desk as if I hadn’t moved. Meanwhile, my pussy was swimming in sex juices, and I was a little worried I’d leave a stain on my seat. Damn him, Todd and his dreamy dark voice and powerful fantasies.

The end of the day couldn’t come fast enough for me. I actually managed to get quite a lot of work done, as if moving speedily would somehow manage to affect the passing of time. It didn’t. But finally, six o’clock arrived and I departed. Waiting for me at the front desk was one last gift.

“This just arrived,” our receptionist told me. I grabbed the present, thrust it into my satchel with the others, and hurried from the office. I could not wait to get home. Todd had told me the different ways he was going to take care of me. I wanted to experience what he’d promised. Patience is not my forte; in fact, it’s not even in my vocabulary.

The subway ride was my own private nightmare. Each stop, each jostle of the train on the tracks, bounced me in a way that made my pussy tighten. And every time that happened, I thought of Todd, of

what he might do to me, of what I might want him to do. In a daze, I arrived at my stop. My head was down. I was lost in my thoughts, focused on how many steps it would take to get me to our apartment, where Todd would be....

"Hey, beautiful."

His voice caressed me. I turned to see him leaning against one of the concrete posts outside the station, with a bouquet

"BOUND FOR HIS PLEASURE, THAT'S WHAT I WAS. BUT I WAS BOUND FOR MINE, AS WELL."

of white roses in one hand. He looked insolent, rebellious, and as sexy as ever. Something about his red tie, white shirt, and black suit reminded me of a movie star from long ago. Then he flashed me that wicked smile, and long ago became right now, and the thought of a movie reminded me of the time he'd fucked me and filmed the two of us, so that we could watch ourselves later.

"Happy birthday," he crooned, looping one arm around my shoulders and pulling me in tight to his chest. "Did you like the presents?"

"I did," I said. "I do."

"Let's hurry home and use them."

We did, almost sprinting together to our place. He told me that he'd had a hard-on all day, thinking about me and all the ways he planned to do me. I confessed the same. Not that I'd had a hard-on, of course, but that I would have if I could have. I was lit inside and out, all aglow at the thought of how he would

put my new presents into use.

Inside the front door, we fell into each other's arms. Our kisses were beyond passionate, as if we hadn't parted ten hours earlier, but ten weeks or ten months. Somehow, we made our way to the bedroom. There, Todd helped me strip. Then he put the blindfold on me. This was entirely different from when I'd worn the device at work. Back then, I'd been all by myself with Todd's voice on the phone. Now, his voice was right here—he was right here—his breath on me as he whispered, sweet and low, "That's perfect, isn't it? You don't know what to expect now. The slightest thing could set you off balance. You'll have to trust me. Entirely. To take care of you."

I did. That was the truth. I trusted Todd for good.

Next were the cuffs. He had me put my hands out in front of me, and he bound them together, the buckles making a sound like music as he fastened them. I

was dripping sex juices down my thighs, and the scent of my arousal was in the air around us. Being naked with my wrists locked felt deliciously erotic. Todd tugged me by my cuffs, and I fell slightly forward before catching myself.

"And the last gift that was delivered?" he asked me. "Are you ready for that?"

I had discretely opened the present in my purse on the train, happy once more that I had not decided to unwrap the gift where anyone could see it. Inside the smallest box was a pair of nipple clamps, seductively shiny in sleek sterling silver. Todd said, "Are you ready to wear them for me?"

I nodded, cleared my throat, and found my voice. "Yes, Todd."

"I don't think you are."

I didn't understand what he meant.

"Let's get you ready," he said, and then I felt his mouth on my left nipple as he sucked hard, sucked until my nipple ached. Each time he exerted pressure



VARIATIONS

▾ BONDAGE

on my breast, I felt a powerful jolt shooting straight to my pussy. When he was satisfied with the state of my nub, he attached the first clamp. I jumped, surprised by the spark of sensation. But before I could utter a word, before I could even whisper a sigh, Todd began sucking on the other nipple. Pain and pleasure collided inside me. It was utter ecstasy. I felt as if I had a toggle inside myself, some sort of on/off switch that was permanently flicked to the upright position. I realized at some point that I was murmuring a string of words: "Todd, oh, Todd, oh, yes..." They came over and over again, like the sexy background vocals on a club track. I had no control over my mouth, over what I was saying, over the crooning way in which I was speaking. Todd was in total control, and I was his willing pet, his submissive plaything.

Todd affixed the second clamp, and when he tugged on the delicate chain running between the two, I groaned. This was the part I remembered so clearly

from our night in Vegas: the way that erotic-tinged pain and pure pleasure had swirled together inside me, spiraling until I couldn't tell the difference between one and the other. Or, maybe, I couldn't tell where one feeling ended and the other began.

"There's one more present," he said. My brain was flooded with white noise. How could I open another present? My hands were cuffed? How could I know what he'd given me? He'd taken away my sight.

"Let me open it for you," Todd said magnanimously, "while you open something for me."

What did he mean? What could I possibly open?

I should have known.

"Open that pretty mouth of yours," Todd said, and then I heard the rustling of paper and breathed in the seductive scents of rubber and leather: a ball gag. He'd bought me one of those squishy balls attached to a harness. It seemed that his removal of my sight had definitely

enhanced my other senses. I could tell what the gift was even without being able to see the present with my eyes.

My mouth was wide open. Todd slid the ball into place between my parted lips and then fastened the straps' buckles. Now I was truly at his mercy. I had no sense of sight. I couldn't use my hands. My tits were on fire. And my mouth was stuffed full.

"You've never looked more gorgeous," Todd said. I tried to imagine what he was seeing. He'd trussed me up for his own use. My hair was falling past my naked shoulders. My lipstick was probably smeared around the ball gag. I must have looked mussed and deliciously disheveled. I could see how Todd would find this version of me, so different from my daily working mode, to be a turn-on.

But he wasn't the only one with a rapidly firing libido. He put his hand between my thighs and found the wetness that awaited him. "I think you like your presents."

I nodded and tried to say I did, but the gag muffled my words. Todd started to kiss his way down the side of my neck. I squirmed and wriggled at the sensation. He moved to my breasts and tugged on the chain. I moaned around the gag. Then he moved lower, and I felt his breath on my naked sex. He tongued my clit once, and I was primed to swan dive into a deep pool of pleasure. But Todd wasn't ready for me to reach my first orgasm of the evening. Not yet. He lifted me and spread me on our bed. I heard the sounds of him undressing, and then I felt his nude body on top of mine. His cock was hard and leaking pre-come. He left a trail along my shaved mound as he neared my pussy. I begged him to enter me. But he couldn't have made out my garbled plea.

Todd teased me with his cockhead, slapping my clit with the tip of his prick until I thought I might explode or implode. I was a mess of longing, a ball of intense desires. *Do me. Fuck me. Make me*





“BEING HIS CAPTIVE MEANT THAT HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OF MY PLEASURE.”

whole. My brain screamed for release, but my voice was silenced. Or if not totally silenced, then at least tempered. I wasn't entirely able to stop the sounds from bubbling up, from spilling free. Wordless murmurs. Low, dangerous growls. I drooled around the ball gag, unable to stop myself, to help myself.

Bound for his pleasure, that's what I was. But I was bound for mine, as well. I couldn't remember ever being quite this turned on before. Todd had hit all of my fantasies in a major way.

Only when I thought I might actually

combust did he give in and drive into me. I lost my breath and caught my breath at the same time. That's how it felt. As if the wind had been knocked out of me, but then I'd been filled with air and lightness. My whole being reacted to the way he touched me. The secret parts inside me were stimulated by his cock, of course, but our connection was stronger than that, bolder than that. Being his captive so fully, so completely, meant that he was responsible for all of my pleasure. He took this job seriously. As he fucked me, he strummed my clit, playing me as if I were his favorite instrument. I bucked my body and sighed around the ball gag. I would have cried out his name, whispered his praises, let him know when I was coming, but I couldn't. Not with that gag in place. I resigned myself to letting him know how intense he was making me feel by my actions. I rubbed and arched. My inner muscles milked him steadily. And then, before I even fully recognized what was happening, I was coming.

Behind my shut eyelids, I saw sparks and meteor showers. Glitter and glimmers of every color. I was lost in the haze for a moment, and then Todd

climaxed, too, his orgasm extending my own, drawing it out to new lengths and heights I'd never dreamed possible. There ought to be a brand-new word coined for the type of pleasure I felt. Under normal circumstances, I would have been shaking the walls with my cries, so maybe the ball gag had been an appropriate gift. At least this way, the neighbors weren't alerted to our X-rated lovemaking.

Todd held me until the tremors subsided. Then he unfastened my bonds slowly, as if unwrapping his own present—as if I were a miraculous gift. He took off the nipple clamps. He removed the ball gag. He slid off the blindfold and kissed my closed lids. He unbuckled the luxurious leather cuffs.

He set me free.

We settled side by side on the mattress for several moments, facing each other, so close we could have kissed without trying too hard. Then Todd brushed my hair off my forehead and whispered, “Happy birthday, baby. Did you get everything you wanted?”

“Everything,” I assured him. “Everything and more.” 🔑



RACY ROLE-PLAY

I've always had a wild streak in the bedroom, but my husband, Craig, had more vanilla tastes. Eventually, I grew restless and told Craig in no uncertain terms that I needed to be fucked. I didn't want him to "make love" to me or for us to have a romantic evening. I wanted sex. Hot, hard, and dirty.

I never could have anticipated Craig's response. He thoughtfully considered my request. Then he proposed a game that piqued my interest. He told me "Blaise," his new alter ego, would pay me a visit later in the week.

I laughed initially, but when leather-clad Blaise bent me over the kitchen table for a spanking, I was forced to reconsider my reaction. Craig had found a way to give me what I wanted: a relationship with a great, loving guy and super-hot sex with a masterful lover who made my kinky dreams come true. Somehow taking on this persona freed Craig to try kinky things he'd never before dared.

My husband and I suddenly had a new favorite game: Blaise the dirty drifter ravishes the bored and lonely housewife. Since Craig works locally, running the family company, he's able to sneak away from the office at least once a week, so Blaise can catch me by surprise.

One afternoon, I was in our bedroom putting away laundry. I thought I heard a noise downstairs, but I shrugged it off. I went about my business, sorting and folding, when out of nowhere an arm wrapped around my waist and tugged me closer.

My heart sped up and my breathing grew shallow. Blaise was back.

His hold around my waist tightened. "Is your husband home?"

I shook my head.

"Good."

I swear I could actually hear his smile as he spoke.

"Here's what we're gonna do: You're gonna to strip, and then I'll have my fun with you."

I nodded, thrilled by Blaise's latest surprise. He sat on the edge of the bed,

never taking his eyes off me. I started to remove my cardigan, the intensity of his gaze making my fingers tremble.

"Look at me," he growled. My eyes shot up to see Blaise licking his lips. "You don't have to be nervous. I like what I see."

I smiled and tossed my sweater on the bed. "Good, because I've got three hours until my husband gets home and I want to make the most of our time together."

"Then stop talking and start getting out of those jeans."

My fingers snapped into action, popping the button on my waistband and sliding down the snug-fitting denim. "Any additional requests?"

Blaise reached forward and grabbed the center of my bra, pulling me forward. He buried his face between my tits and then he nibbled a trail from the left to the right.

He gently pushed me back. "Everything goes—including the bra and panties."

I opened the clasp of my bra, letting the straps slide down my arms so the garment could drop to the floor. Then, acutely aware of his eyes on me, I slipped my fingers beneath the waistband of my undies and shimmied out of them. I felt more naked than I ever had in my life. It was as if his lascivious stare could see right through me, reading every one of my dirty fantasies.

Blaise rose from his place on the bed and stepped toward me, looking every bit like a predator on the hunt. His lips found my right nipple, and he grazed the nub with his teeth before sucking it hard and nearly making me swoon.

I moaned as I felt my arousal soar, my thighs growing slick with the honey flowing from my pussy. Blaise soothed the ache growing inside me by sliding his finger along my slit and then plunging into my cunt. He kissed a path from my tits up my neck, pausing to nibble along the way. When he finally claimed my mouth I sighed, relishing the shivers that ran down my spine as he pulled my



“BLAISE SOOTHED THE ACHE GROWING INSIDE ME BY SLIDING HIS FINGER ALONG MY SLIT.”

bottom lip between his teeth. His kisses possessed me fully.

Blaise turned to the bed and swept the remaining laundry into the basket. It was an organized action for such a passionate guy, but every now and then bits of Craig did shine through. He grabbed a few of pairs of tights from the top of the basket.

“On the bed. Spread your arms and legs.”

I did as I was told, careful to position myself exactly in the center of the mattress.

“First, I’m going to tie you up, and then I’m going to fuck you—hard. Got it?”

I nodded, trying to contain my excitement.

Blaise joined me on the bed, kneeling between my parted thighs as he tied one wrist, then the other, to our headboard. Once he was satisfied with my bonds, he placed his hands on my thighs, slowly sliding his way down to my ankles. Then he tied those, too, making sure I was securely affixed to the bed.

My body was stretched out like a starfish. Every bit of me was open for him to take.

He slid off the bed and stood before me, admiring his handiwork. “You make a very pretty picture, all tied up like that.”

I wiggled my hips against the mattress in response, desperate for him.

“Impatient, aren’t you?” he commented, walking around the bed to

catch me from every angle. “But I’m not ready to fuck you yet.”

Blaise stood beside me, his hand hovering over my clit and teasing me with possibilities but committing to nothing. He pulled his hand away and popped the button on his jeans and sliding down his zipper, freeing his thick cock. Blaise worked himself slowly, sliding his hand from base to tip while I looked on helplessly.

“You want this?”

“Yes, please!”

Blaise laughed wickedly. “You’ll get it when I’m ready.”

He turned, opening the door to my closet. What was he looking for? My mind whirled with possibilities.

“Ah, this will work!”

Blaise reappeared at my side with my mink stole. He sat on the edge of the bed, taking his time and not revealing his plan right away. “One more thing,” he muttered almost to himself as he tossed his shirt over my eyes and the world went dark.

I felt the bed shift, heard the springs creak, and waited. Blaise slowly slid the

fur across my thigh, sending deliciously torturous sensations along my skin. I whimpered, torn between wanting the tickling to end and needing the intensity of his touch.

Blaise dragged the fur from my thigh to my abdomen, skirting around my throbbing clit. When the soft tingles made it to my breasts I gasped, thrusting my tits upward as much as possible. I wasn’t very successful; Blaise’s bondage held me tight. As I wriggled helplessly, he circled my nipples; the sinful sensations made them pucker.

Just when I was going to cry out in frustration, Blaise went on the move again. He made the fur glide down the right side of my abdomen and my leg, all the way to my toes, then repeated the process on my left side. All the while he avoided the place that was most desperate for his attention. It was maddening!

The fur reached my décolletage. I started to whimper again, and finally Blaise took pity on me. The fur shot straight to my slit, gently caressing my clit and sending shock waves throughout my



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

“MY BODY WAS STRETCHED OUT LIKE A STARFISH. EVERY BIT OF ME WAS OPEN FOR HIM.”

body. I groaned, trying to raise my hips as Blaise continued to tease my swollen bud with the silky fur.

“More. Please, Blaise, I need more,” I breathed, desperate for his dick, or tongue, or even a finger—I’d take anything!

He chuckled. “Soon, don’t worry.”

The fur continued to dance across my pussy, pulling me so close to an orgasm I nearly cried in frustration. “Please!”

Blaise bounced the bed, sending me flying as high as my restraints would allow. “You want more?”

I bit my lip, nodding frantically.

“I’ll give you more.”

Lunging between my spread thighs, he slammed his cock into me. I cried out with delight.

“You like that?” he asked, his voice coming out as a growl as he pounded my pussy.

“Yes, yes—oh God, yes!”

Blaise slid a hand under my ass, cradling my cheeks as he angled my hips to force his dick even deeper inside me. Every thrust brought him in direct contact with my G-spot, my pussy quivering as he drove me toward release.

Blaise’s chest brushed against my nipples as he whispered in my ear, “When you fuck your husband later, I want you to think of me.”

His words sparked my climax, making me tumble over the edge into orgasm. I



moaned helplessly as my pussy tightened around his cock, my body shattering into a thousand little pieces.

My cunt flooded with wetness, making my passage extra-slick. He ground his hips into mine, and a few muttered curses told me he was on the cusp. His thrusts grew harder and faster as his breathing became more erratic.

A groan marked his final plunge, and I felt his cock throb inside me as it released pulse after pulse of semen. I gasped as Blaise slowly withdrew his length. The bed shifted again, and I could sense his gaze on me. He gently lifted his shirt from my eyes, reacquainting me with the real world. I blinked against the light, feeling both sated and sexy.

“Did I give you everything you needed?”

“You bet.”

He chuckled. “Well, I better get out of

here before your husband gets home.”

I nodded. “That’s probably a good idea.”

Blaise reached over my shoulder, freeing one wrist, then the other. Able to move a bit, I sat up on the bed, drinking in my last look at Blaise for the week as he loosened the bonds around my ankles.

“I’ll miss you, Blaise.”

He smiled. “I know, baby, but that’s what makes this so fun.” He turned from me, plucking his pants from the floor and pulling them on. “I’m out of here, but I’ll see you again next week.”

He placed a final kiss on my lips before turning and walking out the door, leaving me naked and alone on my bed. Craig would return home later that evening, and everything would go back to normal—until Blaise’s next visit. I’d be counting the days.

—R.W., via email

■ A MOONLIT SWING

“ I'll never forget the way you looked, on your knees, sucking his cock to the root.” Michael was fucking me from behind, reliving the time we'd hooked up with another couple on vacation. The four of us had been fast friends by the pool, then cohorts on several ventures to island vista points, before finding out that where we connected best was between the sheets. Or on top of the sheets, as was the situation Michael was reminiscing over. I'd been on my hands and knees on the hotel's large bed, with Michael behind me, in my pussy to the hilt, while I'd sucked off Gerome, the shoe salesman from Baltimore who had been blessed with a cock that was nearly nine inches long. His wife, Cathy, had been Michael's dream girl: a pixie blonde, all vim and vigor, with a mouth that didn't quit.

Once we'd discovered that our love of fucking superseded our love of sightseeing, we'd spent the next few days almost exclusively in one hotel room or the other. Or out on the balcony. Or late one night, when the rest of the world was asleep, on the beach.

That time was my favorite. Michael brought the blanket. Our new friends came equipped with a bottle of champagne and glasses purloined from the hotel bar. The moon was all that we needed to illuminate our erotic escapade. The silver orb shone down on us, gilding our skin, tipping the waves as they broke and fell. Cathy had been wearing a bikini, as if she might go for a moonlit swim. Instead, we went for a moonlit swing, with Michael untying the little bows at her hips and freeing her of the petal-pink bikini bottoms and me undoing the bows under her hair and at her back, so that the top free-fell to the blanket below. The men watched for a moment as Cathy and I kissed—more than a moment, maybe. That kiss still lingers in my soul. She and I came together naturally, even though

I'd never kissed a woman before, never even considered the concept. I'd been fairly cock-centric to that point in my life. But something about the island getaway, the tropical paradise, the complete and utter transformation of our relationship—something magical happened that beautiful night. Cathy and I let our hands roam, stroking one another as the men sat back and observed.

At least, until they could wait no longer, that is.

Michael made a low growl deep in his throat to remind me that he was there. Gerome whispered his wife's name, his voice husky with raw need and desire. We sank to the blanket and moved into a 69, so that she was licking me and I was licking her, and only after we'd brought one another to earth-shattering orgasms did we part and move on to take care of our men.

This was a splendid swap, a sweltering swing, with me hungrily falling into Gerome's arms while Cathy wiggled her way to Michael's lap. We moved so

that we were face-to-face, and we could watch one another take pleasure from the other's spouse.

I have to think that Michael appreciated my scent on Cathy's skin. He breathed in deeply as he fucked her, as he bounced her practically into the air with each powerful thrust. Gerome made sure to stroke my clit while he worked me. He had such a dreamy cock. Michael's no slouch, but I'd never been with a man as large before. Simply sliding down his pole to the root was an overwhelming experience. I felt filled and fulfilled in a way I'd never understood.

When we both began to move faster, the men repositioned us so that we were on our hands and knees, still facing each other, and they held our hips and ground into us doggy-style. Cathy and I took the opportunity to resume our kissing lessons, licking and lapping at each other in a delightfully playful way.

Gerome came first. He announced his orgasm with a mighty bellow. Michael filled Cathy next. We two came after—



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

simultaneously, I like to think. Only then did the four of us dip in the ocean—naked beneath the moonlight—romping and prancing until our libidos were ready for another round.

Michael likes to relive this vacation. We discuss our antics often, reminiscing about our fond friends.

"I'll never forget," he said again tonight, so I decided to reveal my anniversary surprise. As he came, reliving those halcyon days, I told him about the two tickets in his top drawer, and my secret plan to hook up with Cathy and Gerome once more. Who says paradise has to come but once beneath a silvery moon?

—M.M., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

OUTSIDE THE BOX

My company hired me to think outside the box. Although I know my bosses had no idea exactly what I'd been brainstorming as of late. See, I always thought that two of my male coworkers, Liam and Timothy, were into each other. There was this noticeable chemistry between them that I was certain stemmed from something real. In my mind, they made out in the break room when nobody was looking, or they hooked up in the bathroom after aggressive afternoon meetings. I knew they'd both dated women, but maybe they weren't ready to admit their lust for one another. So I took matters into my own hands and invited them to my favorite pub. "Unwinding after work" was what I pitched. What I thought would happen was something entirely different.

We started simply. A drink each. Talking about what had happened during the workweek. Swapping office gossip. The second drink brought us a little closer to the truth. I danced with one man, then the other. Timothy was graceful. Tall and lean, with red hair and a



trimmed goatee, he had the feel of a real dancer—old-timey, I mean. He moved me with the finesse of someone who knows his way around a waltz. Liam was another story. He grooved with me, hip to hip, his hand on my lower back. I felt the pulse of pure fiery heat between us, yet I caught him staring at Timothy over my head.

At the end of the song, I sat in the booth with the duo and said, "Now, you guys should dance together."

They looked equally shocked, and yet...was there something else there? Right below the surface?

"What do you mean?" Tim asked.

"Dance? Us?" protested Liam.

"You want to, don't you?" I queried.

"I've seen the way you check each other out. There seems to be some interest..."

"You've got to be..."

"Kidding? No. I wouldn't have said it if I didn't think it was true."

There was silence then. Well, silence except for the music blaring from the jukebox. Had I completely misjudged the situation? This was going to make for some awkwardness around the watercooler, that's for sure. I started to dredge up an apology. I'd clearly overstepped my boundaries. Or my fantasies. Or...

"Well," said Tim, and my head snapped upright.

"I mean..." said Liam.

Oh, God! I'd been right! I'd known it!

"The thing is..." they said together, and then they were confessing, not only to me, but to each other.

“I CRESTED AND CLIMAXED, DRIVING MYSELF BACK ONTO HIS THICK POLE.”

“I’ve never been attracted to another man,” Liam said to Timothy, “but I’ll admit. I’ve felt something different with you.”

I sighed, relief washing over me. Then I suggested we take the party to my place. The men agreed immediately. I could tell from the way they kept looking at each other that they couldn’t wait to get started. Neither could I, even though I wasn’t entirely sure what that meant. What would start? Would I be part of the action? Or would I just observe?

At my place, we stopped in the kitchen for a glass of wine each. For courage, I thought. But we didn’t take more than a sip or two before everyone was staring at everyone else. I decided that I would be the catalyst. They could have the explosions. I led them by the hand to my bedroom. We all took off our clothes quietly. I saw that Timothy had a six-pack. Liam’s body was thicker and well-muscled. I wanted to tell them to start fucking each other. I wanted to tell them they needed to rub one out right away so that we could move on and go slow for the rest of the night. But there was still this hesitation. Nobody knew how to begin.

I reclined on the bed and called them to me. I kissed Liam. Then I kissed Timothy. They didn’t need me to tell them what to do next. They kissed each other. That relief I’d felt at the bar bloomed into something else. I started to touch myself

while they stroked each other. That kiss unlocked the door. Soon, they were doing more than kissing. There was groping and fondling. I moved a little aside on the mattress to give them room, but Timothy noticed and pulled me back in.

Somehow, the three of us began to make the odd number work. With the help of my friendly bottle of lube, Timothy slicked his dick while we watched. Then he got behind Liam and parted the man’s ass cheeks. How interesting! I’d have thought things would have gone the other way around. You never can tell.

Before I could lose too many thoughts on how I’d fantasized things would go, Timothy was fucking Liam, and Liam was reaching for me. We maneuvered ourselves into a type of fucking chain. I was in front, Liam was the filling, and Timothy was taking charge of Liam’s backdoor. I could feel how much this turned Liam on, because his cock was huge inside my pussy, aggressively pounding me from behind. He let one arm dangle and began to flick his fingertips against my clit.

I was taken aback by how he had the thoughtfulness to care about my pleasure even while he was getting his

ass reamed for what I assumed was the first time. That thought was what brought me to my peak. I crested and climaxed, driving myself back onto his thick pole. He bit the ridge of my right shoulder and filled me up with his cream. I guessed when Timothy reached his finale, because he called out Liam’s name over and over, almost making a chant out of the word.

Then we were done—three peas in a pod—three coworkers in a bed. What had we done? How would we recover? That was easy. We made our way to the shower, where we danced together under the spray before rejoining on my bed once more, in a whole new configuration.

Thinking outside the box.

That’s what they pay me to do.

—J.W., Wilmington, Delaware

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out all the sexy details? We want to hear about it! Mail your kinky story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



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libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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